

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

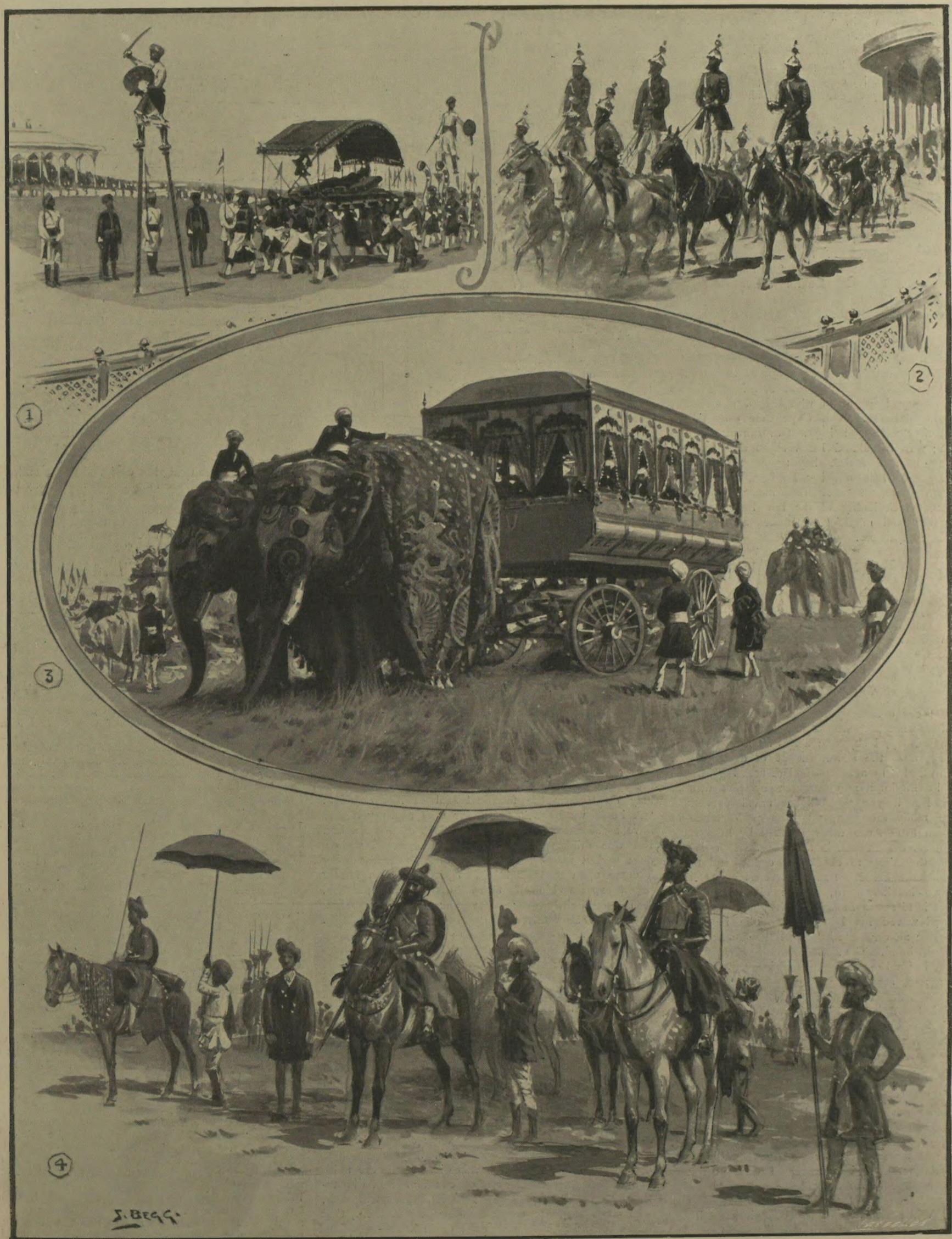
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1903

SIXPENCE.

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1. THE RAO OF CUTCH'S SWORD-AND-BUCKLER MEN ON RAINBOW-STRIPED STILTS.
2. KISHENGARH HORSEMEN STANDING ON THE SADDLE TO SALUTE THE VICEROY.
3. THE GILDED CAR WITH SILKEN CURTAINS FROM THE STATE OF REWAH.
4. GWALIOR HORSEMEN WITH ATTENDANTS BEARING YELLOW SILK UMBRELLAS.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: CURIOUS FEATURES OF THE REVIEW OF NATIVE CHIEFS' RETAINERS AT DELHI.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE REVIEW BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is a pithy old saying that people who play at bowls must expect rubbers. This elementary truth is not universally recognised. Mr. Arthur Lynch treated it with airy indifference when he joined the Boer forces, and called on Sarsfield, Robert Emmett, Wolfe Tone, and the whole Walhalla of Irish heroes to nerve his patriotic arm against the brutal Saxon. "The battle of Ireland," quoth the redoubtable Lynch, "must be fought in South Africa." But he soon grew weary of it, and thought he would like to pull Britannia's nose in the House of Commons. The city of Galway, hailing him as a worthy successor of Sarsfield, fell in with this scheme. It was grand to think that "Colonel" Lynch, M.P., who had waved the green flag and hurled the battle-cry of freedom in the brutal Saxon's chattering teeth, would impeach a perfidious and cowering Minister in the very citadel of his authority. It was grand; but there was a trifling delay. Mr. Lynch nursed his Parliamentary honours in Paris until the war was ended, and then he came over to pull Britannia's nose, with a smiling expectation that she would say, "Saucy boy!"

When she chooses to use it, Britannia has a powerful arm; and the astonished Lynch has been a good deal shaken by her greeting. To be hanged, drawn, and quartered is not what the pride of Galway anticipated. The sentence will not be carried out; we have done with hanging, drawing, and quartering for the wearing of the green. When Mr. Lynch has spent a few years in correction, Britannia will let him go with this lesson, that the reward of high treason is not a seat in Parliament. Some inspired innocents who write leading articles in Dublin affect to believe that Mr. Lynch has been hardly used. They think it is dignified to flaunt the mantle of Sarsfield in South Africa, and then ask permission to pop it into the Parliamentary cloak-room. They are not scandalised by a patriot who fights the troops of Queen Victoria for a brief advertisement, and then proposes to take the oath of allegiance. They say that Mr. Lynch is no worse than some Englishmen who helped the Boers; who encouraged the rebels in Cape Colony by telling them that they were resisting a Government as bad as Bomba; who stimulated De Wet so that, even at Vereeniging, he argued that they represented the real mind of England. It is touching, I admit, to find these counsellors deplored Mr. Lynch's infatuation. The discriminating technicality of the law has struck at him; but in actual mischief he makes a poor show beside such competitors.

I see that in Paris people are said to admire the thoroughness of the German operations on the coast of Venezuela. Forcing an open door is not usually extolled for practical sense; still less when the operation is so thorough as to smash the door off its hinges. While negotiations are proceeding at Washington, the German gunners must exhibit their skill by bombarding a Venezuelan fort, and sending more than half their shells into an innocent village. "Hitch your wagon to a star," said Emerson. Lord Lansdowne has hitched our diplomacy to a German comet—and nobody knows what that erratic portent will strike next. The German Navy, I suppose; needs an advertisement at any cost, even the advertisement of destroying a fort, which was hit by accident, and of creating intense irritation in England and America by this wanton bombast. But if you wish to see naval operations which are really thorough, take the performance of the *Kitty*, a little Arab dhow manned by Lieutenant Bevan and six bluejackets, in the Red Sea. It is the business of the *Kitty* to check the contraband trade in arms for Somaliland. In a lively sea she descried a suspicious-looking craft, and made signals for help—that is to say, a Somali gentleman stood in the rigging and waved his loin-cloth. The inquisitive stranger came along, and Lieutenant Bevan saw twenty Arabs, rifle in hand. The *Kitty* was no longer a damsel in distress, but a little termagant, firing a peremptory summons; and, after some exciting manœuvres, the Lieutenant and his six bluejackets boarded the hostile vessel, and found her full of rifles and ammunition, consigned from the French port of Jibutil to the disappointed Mullah.

This exploit, I am glad to note, has won special commendation from "My Lords" of the Admiralty. Lieutenant Bevan and his men were summoned aboard a cruiser to receive those official felicitations which are not common in the service. To this reward is added prize-money to the tune of four hundred pounds. Do you see the large smile on the faces of those gallant salts when this was announced to them? I declare the story reads like a page out of our oldest annals on the blue water. It stirs one's pulses like a yarn in Smollett or Marryat. Will not Mr. Henry Newbolt give us a lilting ballad in the *Monthly Review* that shall make the Artful *Kitty* a rival of the Saucy *Arethusa*? For the artist who rejoices in a job neatly done, nothing is lacking. Just

as the Arab dhow, finding she had caught a Tartar, was making off, a shell dexterously planted in her stern reduced her to helpless submission. I commend this bit of gunnery to our German ally. And observe, my fellow landlubbers who sit at home at ease, that we still have some efficiency afloat, and plenty of warrant for swearing by the native genius of the British sea-dog!

In Paris, I imagine, this little affair will not be appreciated. The smuggling dhow carried French papers, which indicated a considerable absence of discretion in the authorities of Jibutil. To a French eye could anything be more characteristic of our national perfidy than the behaviour of the *Kitty*? She pretended to be a victim of wind and wave that she might pounce like a pirate on her prey. Shocking, too, was the conduct of the Somali who used his solitary garment as a lure. This ought to pass into French literature as a proverb of British hypocrisy. I am waiting for some sprightly wit of the boulevards to give it imperishable form. When he has sufficiently enjoyed this pleasantries, perhaps the French Colonial Minister will hint to his subordinates at Jibutil the propriety of exercising a gentle supervision of the local trade in guns. It may be a merry pastime for certain French subjects to give our patrols in the Red Sea the trouble of intercepting arms consigned to the Mullah; but it cannot be very amusing to the Colonial Minister to know that Lieutenant Bevan and his bluejackets are making a collection of French bills of lading.

In an excellent letter to the *Spectator* Sir Lauder Brunton dwells upon the necessity of physical training and military exercises for the youth of the nation. He points out that training in the use of the rifle should be part of the citizen's education, and that nothing is more absurd than to call this "militarism." But the absurdity is still rampant. In a publication addressed to young men I find a flood of nonsense about war. War is an evil; but you do not suppress evil by folding your hands and preaching at it. The strong man armed keepeth his house; he does not keep it by shunning arms, and calling upon housebreakers to repent. When the young men of this country are proficient with the rifle, we shall have material for a citizen army which will assure our military security in these islands, and set the professional army free for the duties of the Empire. These practical ends cannot be gained by aspirations towards the Millennium, or by the rhetoric of street-corner piety. What we want is a military administration which shall be at once the most efficient and the most economical. That object will not be attained until the manhood of the people imports into its recreation a graver responsibility than that of cricket. It is better to be expert with the rifle than to be the hero of football. It may even be necessary some day to make an elementary military training part of compulsory education, despite the futile peacemakers who imagine that foreign policy should be the affair of cherubim and seraphim.

People who dislike the motor-car should be interested to learn that their sentiments are shared by the orthodox subjects of the Sultan of Morocco. The Moors "bitterly resent the motor-cars," says Mr. A. J. Dawson in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Dawson does not tell us the cause of this resentment; but it is easy to understand that the motive power of the Sultan's car is associated by the orthodox with the spirits of darkness. You see what a little paraffin may do to stir the fanatical soul of North Africa. "A horse we know," the Moor may say. "Horses have borne the faithful since the days of the Prophet. But this thing which flies along the ground with a buzz and a smell, surely it is unholy, and will bring a curse upon the land!" Many an English farmer might express himself much to the same purpose, if in a slightly different vernacular. The Sultan appears to be vastly too progressive for his country. He uses a European saddle; he wears English riding-boots; he actually allowed himself to be photographed in the act of shaking hands with an infidel! Insurrection was inevitable; and it is fitting that the leader of the rebels should rejoice in the title of "Father of the She-Ass."

"The new temperance pledge," writes a correspondent, "of abstinence from alcohol except at table is not new to me. Sir, I have practised it for years with unobtrusive fidelity. Ginger ale at lunch and a pint of club wine that costs a shilling and a penny at dinner—behold my abstemious career! There have been excursions, I admit: why flout the hospitality of a friend? But when the friend stops me in the street and says, 'Have a drink?' I answer, 'Yes, if you'll add a chop.' It is wonderful how this discourages the habit of thoughtless generosity and checks the flow of whisky-and-soda. Let me suggest to Archdeacon Sinclair, who takes a great interest in the new movement, that he should adopt as a motto the noble lines—

Drink to me only at thy meals,
And I'll respond at mine."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON," AT THE SAVOY. A modern fairy fantasy, Messrs. Basil Hood and Edward German's latest opera recalls the work of an earlier Savoy partnership, and neither in ingenuity of plot nor in piquancy of musical humour does "A Princess of Kensington" reach the standard of "Iolanthe." On the other hand, the new Savoy entertainment has its full share of innocent fun and romantic invention, of pretty refrains and skilful orchestration. Very quaint, if most untraditionally selfish, are the pranks of Mr. Hood's fairies, Puck and the rest, which bring such distress on two mortal lovers, such sad perplexity to an honest sailor. Very breezy are the songs assigned to the jolly tar and his comrades, especially a rollicking quartette that will take the town. But the librettist has set out so diffuse and episodic a story as to allow Mr. German little chance of writing really dramatic music. So that, though certain choruses show the composer's usual skill at cumulative effect; though various sentimental, patriotic, dance, and concerted numbers are all highly pleasing, the score, like the play, has the appearance of scrappiness. Still, splendidly mounted alike in its Kensington Gardens and seaside scenes; capitally rendered by a company which includes Mr. Passmore as a Puck of many disguises, Mr. Lytton as the genial sailor, Miss Brandram as a man-quelling spinster, Mr. Evett and Miss Louie Pounds as the amorous couple, and a new and clever young vocalist (Miss Constance Dreyer) as titular heroine; refined and artistic in its aims and in its presentation—the extravaganza of "A Princess of Kensington" should be sure of a pronounced and deserved success.

"FOR SWORD OR SONG," AT THE SHAFTESBURY. The joint effort of Mr. Legge (author), Mr. Louis Calvert (manager), Mr. Raymond Roze (composer), the "poetical musical play" "For Sword or Song" subordinates so happily the endless love-motif, based in this case on the "Romeo" convention of warring families, exploits so ambitiously the conflicting ideals of martial and aesthetic spirit, as contrasted in a father's and a son's antipathetic temperaments, that its very nondescript character may readily claim amiable indulgence. "For Sword or Song" ought to have been an opéra comique, but it combines tragedy, grand opera, romance, and ballet, and the score is always stumbling against the play, and the play against the score. Here is verse uninspired but sufficiently rhetorical, music such as owes much to Hungarian rhythms, yet is not without breadth and vivacity, and just three dramatic moments, those in which the boy hero defies, rescues, and tends at death his ferocious parent. The play's real appeal, however, is made by picturesque externals, though it drags in unsuccessfully a supernatural element of spirits of music, triumphing over spirits of discord. Mr. Gordon Craig has designed the so-called spirit scenes, and his artistic mannerisms are betrayed in his partiality for the plain contrasts of black and white, for vast spaces of window-panes, and for the trailing of white robes from one end of the stage to the other. Mr. Percy Anderson's fifteenth-century costumes and the accompanying scenery give far more colour to the play; while, though Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Loring Farnie, and Mr. Louis Calvert are in the cast, it is to the new Shaftesbury managers, Miss Julia Neilson—who sings prettily as the youthful hero—and Mr. Fred Terry—who is impressively resonant as the truculent Count—to whom all histrionic opportunities fall.

THE STAGE SOCIETY'S NEW IBSEN PRODUCTION. A drama can bear the weight of ideas, poetry, nay, symbolism—all qualities to be found in Ibsen's latest work, "When We Dead Awaken"—so long as they are associated with a coherent, clearly defined story. Unfortunately that is just what cannot be ascribed to the play in question. Dr. Ibsen may have had a very subtle meaning in describing the relations of his four victims of disillusion, and sending two of them into eternity, but that meaning he has totally failed to render intelligible. But there was never an Ibsen play yet that did not, when acted, advance some player's reputation; and the Stage Society's production this week of "When We Dead Awaken," wherein Mr. Titheradge, Miss Mabel Hackney, and Mr. Laurence living assisted, was responsible for exhibiting Miss Henrietta Watson in a new light: imagination—positive exaltation—characterised her rendering of the mad woman.

THE PROGRAMME AT THE GARRICK. In front of that delightful children's entertainment, "Water Babies," about the popularity of which there seems happily no doubt, the Garrick management has put up as a "curtain-raiser" a new one-act piece of Mr. Nigel Playfair's entitled "Amelia." It shows how an illiterate couple, expecting a visit from a social superior, who in the end never comes, coach a draggle-tailed "slavey" in polite behaviour and are bullied by this 'cute young person into granting her all sorts of extravagant favours. This trivial "carpet-play" is really only suited to private theatricals, so amateurishly is it written; but it has the merit of brevity, its title rôle is rendered piquantly by Miss Pollie Emery, and after all, there follows on it the fun and frolic of "Water Babies" to make the completest amends.

NEW "TURNS" AT THE HIPPODROME. The Hippodrome is for ever changing its programme; for ever offering fresh amusement. Thus this very week five new "turns" have been added to the bill of what is in truth a "variety" theatre. Chief of these is the latest Edisonograph display, representing, amidst much else, all the pomp and splendour of the Delhi Durbar: the pictured procession of gorgeously dressed Eastern Princes advancing past upon their elephants has all the strangeness of a fairy-tale, all the vividness of moving reality. Meantime, there are at the Hippodrome also novel jugglers, a trained equestrian, performing bears and terriers, as well as that bright and charming pantomime, "Dick Whittington."

MUSIC.

It is very disappointing that in the Strauss Festival Herr Richard Strauss will not employ our own Queen's Hall orchestra, of which he thinks so highly; but the management's explanation is surely not very complimentary to the foreign orchestra that is to come over. Mr. Görlitz, in a circular, explains that so great is the cost of rehearsal that Herr Strauss, notwithstanding his high appreciation of Mr. Henry Wood and his orchestra, has engaged the Concert-gehouw Orchestra of Amsterdam and its celebrated conductor, Professor Wilhelm Mengelberg. It is an extraordinary confession of the different rates of remuneration in different countries that it is cheaper to bring over from Amsterdam a large orchestra than to employ one on the spot.

The Saturday Popular Concert on Jan. 24 at the St. James's Hall had a novelty: a string sextet by Ernst Rudorff. It is a good piece of craftsmanship, but possesses no trace of genius. The andante with seven variations is very difficult and very melodious, as is the opening movement. The pianist was Madame Sandra Droucher, who played Beethoven's "Thirty-Two Variations" admirably. The vocalists were the "Quatuor Lyrique" from Paris: Mdlle. Marie Jarnier, Mdlle. Lilly Proksa, M. Georges Mauguire, and M. Paul Daraux. They sang with marked excellence of rhythm and time, and great delicacy of phrasing and of expression.

THE FIRE AT COLNEY HATCH ASYLUM. Colney Hatch Asylum, the home of some two thousand five hundred patients, was partially destroyed by fire on the morning of Jan. 27, over fifty of the unfortunate inhabitants of the building known as the Annexe perishing in the flames. This set of temporary buildings, erected seven or eight years ago, was constructed of Norwegian pitch-pine, and provided accommodation for 300 women patients and for nurses, doctors, and other members of the staff. Fanned by a high wind, the fire, which apparently originated in the furnace-house at the lower end of the buildings, spread with great rapidity; and, in spite of the efforts of the Asylum, the local, and the Metropolitan Brigades, speedily involved the entire Annexe. The alarm was sounded almost simultaneously, at half-past five in the morning, by one of the night nurses who was on duty in the southernmost dormitory, and the stoker in the boiler-house. The house firemen were first on the scene, but neither they nor the members of the regular Brigades, who arrived later, could save the Annexe, though fortunately the main building was preserved by the cutting away of the connecting corridor. Many gallant attempts were made at rescue, but these were rendered extremely difficult by the mental condition of the panic-stricken patients. By daylight only the brick foundations and the galvanised roofing were left intact.

INCIDENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

On a page of miscellaneous illustrations we deal with the attack made by the Moorish rebels upon the house of Mr. Walter Harris, the distinguished correspondent and Oriental traveller. Mr. Harris had given shelter in his house and stables to 150 refugees, including women and children, and the rebels attempted to attack the house on his refusing to surrender his guests. They were, however, turned back by the appearance of a strong force from the Tangier garrison. Fifty men and two officers remained on guard for several days, but no further attack was made.

During the past few days there have been three wrecks, one in Cornwall, one in Anglesey, and one in Wigtownshire. On Jan. 22, the *Helga*, of London, homeward bound from San Francisco, with wheat, failed to pick up her pilot, owing to the thick and stormy weather, and went ashore at Ballycroneen Bay, County Cork. The crew, much exhausted, reached Queenstown in the ship's life-boats. Attempts to float the vessel failed.

The *Baron Glamis*, a steamer of 2432 tons, outward bound from the Clyde for Buenos Ayres with coal, brick, and wood, stranded on Jan. 21 inside the Laggan Beacon, three miles south of Corswall, Wigtownshire. The crew were rescued, after a gallant struggle, by the Portpatrick life-boat. The vessel is now a total wreck. On Jan. 26, the steamship *Bothilde Russ* was wrecked at Aberffraw, on the coast of Anglesey. The crew, numbering seventeen, were all saved.

On Jan. 25, a disastrous fire occurred at the Great Western Dock, Plymouth. The outbreak was discovered about 11.30 p.m., and half an acre of ground was swept by the flames. The engineering works of Messrs. Bickle and the large saw-mills of Messrs. Jewson were destroyed. The damage is estimated at £12,000.

Italy has fallen into line with the requirements of modern traffic by the construction of a three-phase current electric railway, the first opened for public traffic in that country. It is known as the Valtellina Railway, and was built by Messrs. Ganz and Co., the well-known Hungarian firm, who came so much before the public in connection with the dispute between the London Metropolitan and the Metropolitan District Railways last year.

We also illustrate the new dock under construction at Hong-Kong for the British Admiralty.

Our *Baron Glamis* photograph is by Milnes; the *Bothilde*, by Clay; the Hong Kong Dock, by Henderson; the Plymouth fire, by Bayley; the *Helga*, by Low; the fire-engine was supplied by Shield.

In the Chancery Division, on Jan. 23, the case of Apollinaris Company, Limited, v. E. R. Shaw, Limited, which related to an alleged infringement of the plaintiffs' trade-mark for mineral waters, was settled. The defendants undertook not in any way to infringe the Apollinaris trade-mark and to deliver up the labels complained of in their possession, and it was arranged that all proceedings in the action should be stayed. Mr. Justice Buckley made an order as agreed.

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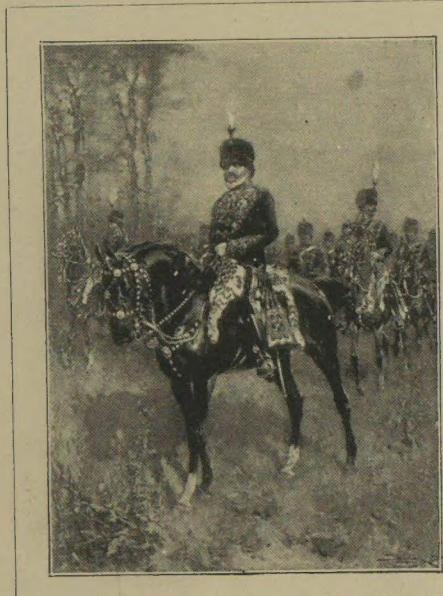
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67, King William Street, E.C.; or 30, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PERSONAL.

The King and the Prince of Wales enjoyed a long day's shooting on Jan. 27 over Sir Edward Lawson's estate at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield. His Majesty and the Prince drove over from Windsor in a motor-car.

The Kaiser's birthday was celebrated at Berlin on Jan. 27. His Majesty is forty-five years of age, and is now in the sixteenth year of his reign. During that time the most warlike of monarchs has contrived to preserve peace.

A memorial to the late Archbishop of Canterbury is to be raised in the county of Devon. At a recent meeting held at the Palace, Exeter, it was decided on the proposal of Sir John Kennaway that the memorial should take the form of a new west window and a brass or other memorial tablet in the Cathedral. About £3000 will be required.

Sir William Turner, who has been elected Principal of Edinburgh University in succession to Sir William Muir, is one of the best-known anatomists of the day. Born at Lancaster in 1832, he was educated privately, afterwards walking St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and in 1854 being appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy at Edinburgh University. This position he held until 1867, when he was chosen to be Professor of Anatomy. Sir William became a member of the General Medical Council in 1873, and is now its President; member of the Court of the University of Edinburgh in 1880; was a member of the Medical Acts Commission in 1881; and President of the British Association for Advancement of Science in 1900. He is a member of a number of learned societies, including the Royal Irish Academy. He was knighted in 1886. In 1863 he married Agnes, eldest daughter of Abraham Logan, Burnhouses, Berwickshire.

The Land Conference Report has greatly excited Mr. Michael Davitt, who denounces Lord Dunraven's "wolfish greed." Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Redmond defend the Report as the basis of an equitable settlement of the problem. Judge O'Connor Morris inveighs against land purchase in any form.

Mr. Roosevelt has more accidents than any public man of his time. Twice he has been hurt in fencing with General Wood. This time he has suffered an injury to his right hand, and there are alarming reports of the possible consequences. It may be hoped that when the President recovers the use of his hand he will choose another opponent for his fencing bouts.

The Bishop of London is a valuable friend to any society on whose behalf he consents to speak. His sermon and speech at Bournemouth for the East London Church Fund brought in a sum of upwards of £1500.

Mr. Julian Ralph, who died in New York on Jan. 21, in his fiftieth year, had gained considerable popularity as a descriptive writer both here and in America, and was always prominent among those who seek to secure the continuous friendship of the two countries.

Born in New York, he began his journalistic career on the staff of the *Daily Graphic*, New York, and was afterwards attached to the New York *Sun* and to the *Herald*. During the recent war in South Africa, he was the representative of the

London *Daily Mail*, accompanying Lord Methuen during the operations at the Modder, and Lord Roberts as far as Bloemfontein. There he for some weeks edited the *Friend*, published for the Army of Occupation with the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief, and from there he was invalidated. Mr. Ralph's published works include "Alone in China," the record of a tour in the Far East, and three books on the South African War.

Oddly enough, though a great traveller, Mr. Ralph knew less about English manners and customs than about any others, and professed to find our language very difficult. He once wrote an article on the troubles of an American in London shops, especially where it was necessary to ask for a packet of pins. It appeared that this useful article is called something quite different in Mr. Ralph's native land, and he made believe that our English pins pricked him sorely.

The appointment of Musurus Pasha to be Turkish Ambassador in London gains additional interest from the fact that his father held a similar position for over thirty years. He himself has had some experience of the Court of St. James's, having acted as Councilor, and on several occasions Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of his father. Born an Ottoman Greek, the eldest son of the late Musurus Pasha, he is a Christian, and is married to a Greek lady. For some time Turkish Ambassador to the Quirinal, he was

afterwards appointed Prince of Samos, but did not long hold the position. Musurus Pasha has personal knowledge of most of the important personages in the diplomatic world.

The Bishop of Liverpool, speaking at a recent meeting of his diocesan Church Building Society, said that at least twenty new churches were required at present or in the near future. Reckoning that each building, with the vicarage, parochial hall, and endowment would cost £15,000, it became evident that Liverpool required a total sum of £300,000 for Church Extension alone. Of this, they might expect various societies to grant £50,000, leaving the rest of the sum to be raised by the diocese. The Bishop is confident that this can be done, although the erection of the Cathedral has been undertaken.

Two juries have disagreed in the case of William Gardiner, twice tried for murder. There is no precedent for this in England, but in the North of Ireland, some years ago, a police-superintendent was tried three times for the murder of a bank clerk, and then confessed. In the first trial of Gardiner only one juror stood out against conviction; but in the second trial it is believed that the majority of the jury were for acquittal.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Frederick St. Clair Anstruther-Thomson, who takes the place of Sir Audley

Neeld as Colonel commanding the 2nd Life Guards, was born in 1855, the son of John Anstruther-Thomson and his first wife, Caroline Maria Agnes Robina, daughter of the late Rev. John Hamilton Gray. Entering the Army in 1874, he was promoted Major in 1895, and during the recent war served in South Africa with the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry. In 1900 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order, and was mentioned in Lord Roberts's dispatch of Sept. 4, 1901. Colonel Anstruther-Thomson married in 1882 Agnes Dorothea, daughter of the late James Alexander Guthrie, of Craigie, Forfarshire.

The ancient custom of selling votes still exists at Shrewsbury. An official inquiry into a municipal election petition disclosed the fact that everybody who votes for a Town Councillor at Shrewsbury expects to be paid for the job.

The new Natal territory, which includes the districts of Vryheid and Utrecht and part of Wakkerstroom, has been formally annexed by proclamation in the *Gazette*.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is at present in Cape Town, spoke on Jan. 26 at a meeting which was held to form the Cape Town branch of the Progressive Association. The novelist, who was very heartily received, in a brief, humorous speech, traced his descent from Dutch ancestry. He said the future of the Colony depended on the Progressives winning the election. Their watchword should be "Register." Perhaps he will make that the refrain of a fighting ballad.

Mr. Chamberlain's "trek" through the Transvaal is a great personal success. "When he made up his mind to come out to South Africa and see everything for himself, we knew he was an honest man. Now we have seen him we like him." This is the frank testimony of General Cherry Emmett.

At Potchefstroom Mr. Chamberlain was welcomed with enthusiasm. The burghers took the horses out of his carriage and dragged it in triumph. It is true that the Boers who made this demonstration belonged chiefly to the National Scouts. But when Mr. Chamberlain passed into General Delarey's country the attitude of the people was scarcely less cordial. Delarey himself made emphatic speeches, declaring thorough allegiance to the new Government. This is the fruit of Mr. Chamberlain's demand for active, not passive, loyalty.

The death sentence on Mr. Arthur Lynch for high treason has been commuted to penal servitude for life. It is not believed, however, that this penalty will be literally exacted. Mr. Lynch will probably spend five years in prison, and will then receive the benefit of amnesty.

Sir Michael Herbert and Mr. Hay have agreed to the appointment of an Alaska Boundary Commission, to be composed of three British and three American representatives. It is possible that a body equally divided will arrive at no decision, but at Washington there are great hopes of a settlement.

The Rev. W. Lushington Vyvian, the newly appointed Bishop of Zululand, was at one time well known in London, having had charge of the Charterhouse Mission, Southwark, from 1888 to 1893. He was curate of St. Paul's, Bermondsey, for eight years, and afterwards went out to the mission field in South Africa. His diocese includes Swaziland and part of the Transvaal.

Count Benckendorff, the new Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, is a member of a noble

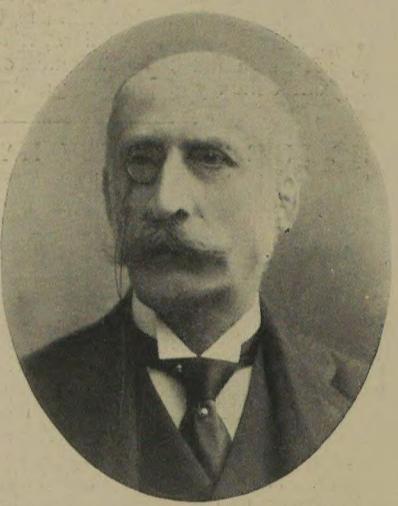


Photo. Petersen, Copenhagen.

COUNT BENCKENDORFF,

New Russian Ambassador to London.

Prince Wolfgang zu Stolberg-Stolberg, hereditary member of the Upper House of the Prussian Diet, and eldest son of the late Prince Alfred zu Stolberg-Stolberg, has been found shot dead in the park of the castle at Rottleberode. His sporting rifle lay beside him.

Peeresses are to be given the opportunity of wearing their Coronation robes on the occasion of the opening of Parliament on Feb. 17. This should satisfy the noble ladies who have hitherto had to seek other methods of exhibition, even although coronets are not to be worn.

It is significant that some three hundred of the men who have been marching to Hyde Park recently refused an offer of unskilled employment at 6d. an hour. The excuse given was that casual labourers are now entitled to 7d. an hour. An action of this sort is not likely to cause the collection-boxes to overflow.

Dr. Randall Davidson has duly been elected Archbishop of Canterbury at a meeting of the Chapter at Canterbury Cathedral.

Mr. Augustus John Cuthbert Hare, the author of numerous guide-books and other works, who died suddenly on Jan. 22, was born at Rome in 1834, the third son of Francis George Hare, and being, as he himself put it, "a most unwelcome addition" to his parents' large family, was adopted by his aunt, the widow of his father's brother, Augustus. Mrs. Hare's health made residence out of England almost a necessity, and this fact was doubtless responsible for the bent for travel early shown by her adopted son. In 1859 Mr. Murray commissioned Mr. Hare to write the "Handbook" to Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire, and from that time he was continually occupied with the production of descriptive guide-books of the towns and countries of Europe. His best-known works are perhaps "The Story of Two Noble Lives," "Memorials of a Quiet Life," "Walks in London," "Walks in Rome," "The Story of My Life," and works on France.

Mr. Hare was particularly fond of telling how he once addressed a party of tourists in Rome, and how an indignant stranger exclaimed, "But every word you have said is stolen from Mr. Hare's book!" "No doubt," was the retort, "but I am Mr. Hare!" His most formidable book was his autobiography in six volumes. No man ever gossiped so freely about his family affairs, or so tediously. But he knew a great many interesting people, and was an excellent story-teller.

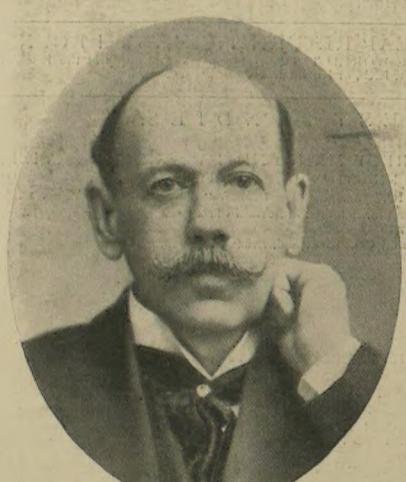
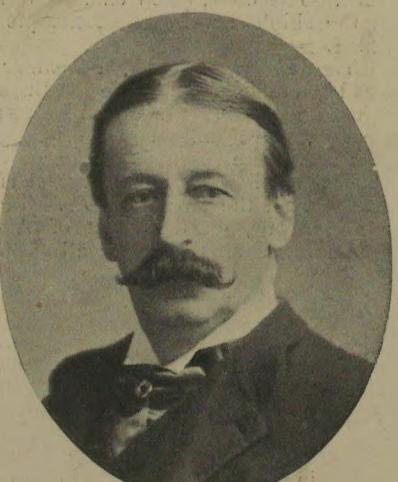


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. JULIAN RALPH,

Journalist and War Correspondent.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 149.)



MR. WALTER HARRIS'S HOUSE, NEAR TANGIER.



MOORISH TROOPS GUARDING MR. HARRIS'S HOUSE.



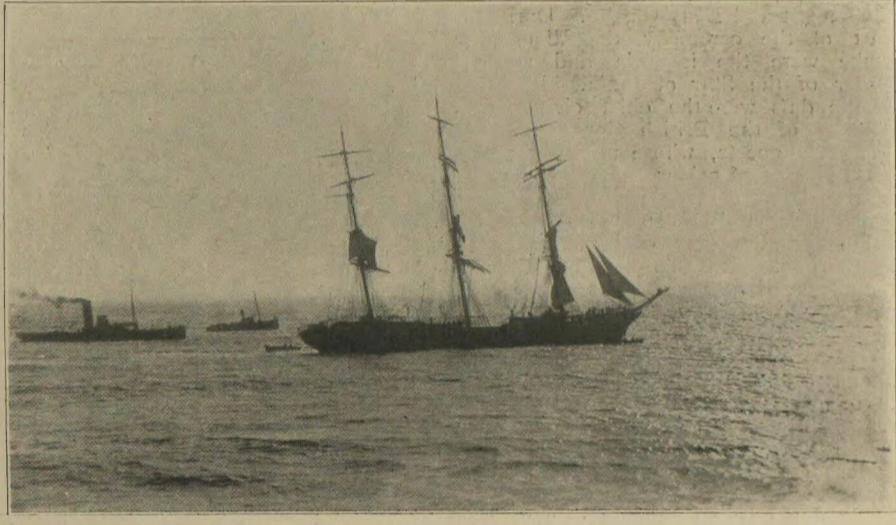
MOORISH REFUGEES IN MR. HARRIS'S STABLES.

THE REBELLION IN MOROCCO: SCENES OF THE ATTEMPTED REBEL ATTACK ON MR. WALTER HARRIS'S HOUSE, WHERE REFUGEES WERE SHELTERED.

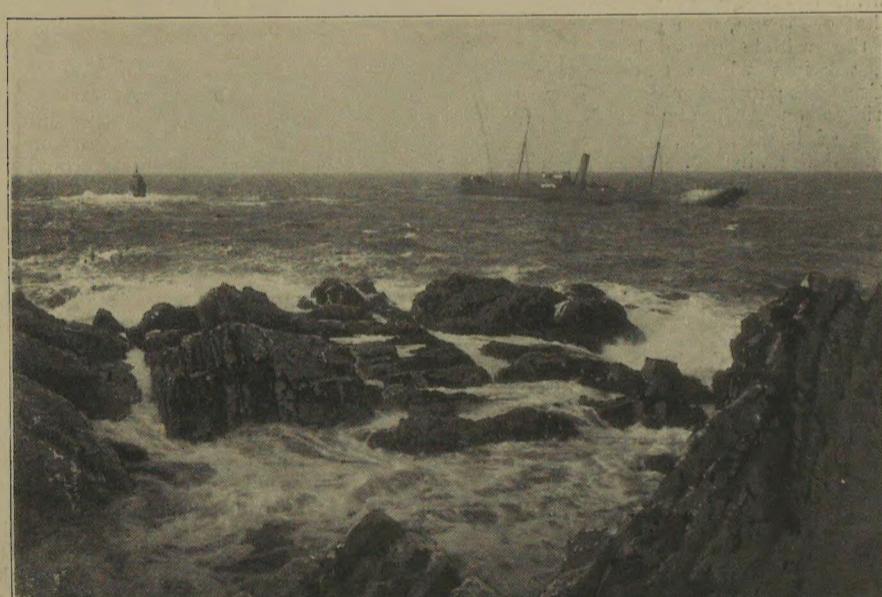
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. WALTER HARRIS THE DISTINGUISHED ORIENTAL TRAVELLER.



THE WRECK OF THE S.S. "BOTHILDE RUSS," AT ABERFFRAW, ANGLESEY.



THE "HELGA" ASHORE AT BALLYCRONEEN BAY, CORK.



THE "BARON GLAMIS" STRANDED AT CORSWALL, N.B.



THE NEW DOCK UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT HONG KONG.



THE FIRE AT THE GREAT WESTERN DOCK, PLYMOUTH, JANUARY 25.



THE FIRE AT COLNEY HATCH ASYLUM: AN ENGINE LEAVING THE MAIN GATES.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DURBAR CELEBRATIONS.

The Proclamation ceremony at Delhi on Jan. 1 was followed by a series of brilliant festivities, of which we are this week enabled to publish sketches by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist at Delhi. On the afternoon of Jan. 3, the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught proceeded to the Central Camp, where they inspected the Mutiny veterans, who made so noteworthy a group as they marched up the arena on New Year's Day. The survivors of our greatest struggle in India, who included both British and Indian soldiers, were drawn up on the lawn, and, after the formal inspection, the Viceroy and the Duke moved down the line and conversed with every man. The veterans presented an address of congratulation to the King-Emperor, and this the Viceroy promised to communicate to his Majesty.

The evening of Jan. 3 was occupied by an investiture of the Orders of the Star of India and the Indian Empire. This was held in the Dewan-i-Am in Delhi Fort, and the great arched hall of the Mogul Emperors had been ingeniously enlarged in such a manner that the temporary structure of wood could hardly be distinguished from the original red sandstone. The hall was lighted by a soft glow of electric lamps, the light from which was caught by the jewels of the assembled multitude with the most picturesque effect. Upon the dais sat the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught and Lady Curzon. During the first part of the ceremony, the Viceroy and the Duke wore the insignia and robes of the Order of the Star of India. Right and left of the dais were the chief civil and military officials of the British Government and the Viceroy's guests, whose uniforms and dresses lent a blaze of colour to the scene. In front of the dais were the members of the Orders, grouped according to rank, the mightiest Princes and Chiefs of India occupying the front rows. The chapter being opened, the recipients of new Orders were with all ceremony ushered to the dais, where the new decorations were conferred by Lord Curzon. The Viceroy and the Duke then retired, and, having exchanged their robes and insignia for those of the Order of the Indian Empire, returned to the dais, where a second chapter was held and the recipients of honours of the Order of the Indian Empire were solemnly invested.

Sunday saw a ceremony of a very different character. The British troops in attendance at the Durbar were all massed on the polo ground, and a solemn service was conducted in the presence of the Viceroy by the Bishop of Calcutta. As was to be expected, this ceremony was marked by the absence of Indian spectators. The British massed bands who had played at the Proclamation were again on duty, many of the bandmen serving as choristers. A curious feature of the musical service was the use of megaphones by the singers, who sang with tremendous effect the hymns "Praise the Lord" and "Fight the good fight."

The State Ball, which was held in the Dewan-i-Am, was the culminating social function of the Durbar week. The scene at the opening, when all the chief British personages in India took part in a set of State Lancers, was very memorable. The Viceroy and the Duchess of Connaught led off; the Duke of Connaught had Lady Curzon for his partner; the Grand Duke of Hesse, Lady Northcote; Lord Ampthill, the Duchess of Portland; and Lord Northcote, Lady Ampthill. Other distinguished personages who took part were the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Kitchener, and Sir F. Fryer. For the occasion, the Dewan-i-Am was connected by a long tented corridor with the Dewan-i-Khas, where supper was served. Myriads of small lights illuminated the scene, and in the great hall which has seen so many strange vicissitudes in the fortunes of India, five thousand guests kept up the merriment till daybreak. On a specially built dais the Duke and Duchess of Connaught received many prominent Indian Princes.

The great spectacle of Jan. 7 was the review, held in the Durbar arena, of the retainers of native chieftains. For two hours there moved past the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught a pageant that unrolled the military might

of ancient India, and proved once more the changeless character of the East. For in the long array of 6000 men, 150 elephants, and 1200 led horses were warriors whose panoplies differed in no respect from those worn by their remote ancestors. The banner of Kolhapur, borne by a great elephant, led the van; behind him marched the Kolhapur Infantry, soldierly fellows in dark green uniforms. Then in bewildering succession came the Rao of Cutch's retainers, among whom were sword-and-buckler men on stilts fifteen feet

the vanquished, and he hoped that those who were now on our side would recognise the spirit in which we were meeting them. If they did this, the progress of South Africa was assured. On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, accompanied by the Governor and Premier of Natal, visited Spion Kop and went over the scene of operations. At a public banquet given to the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain's health was proposed by Mr. Farquhar, senior member for Ladysmith. In his reply, Mr. Chamberlain touched upon various questions arising out of the late war. On the morning of Jan. 3, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain left Ladysmith on their way to Pretoria.

THE ACADEMY ELECTIONS.

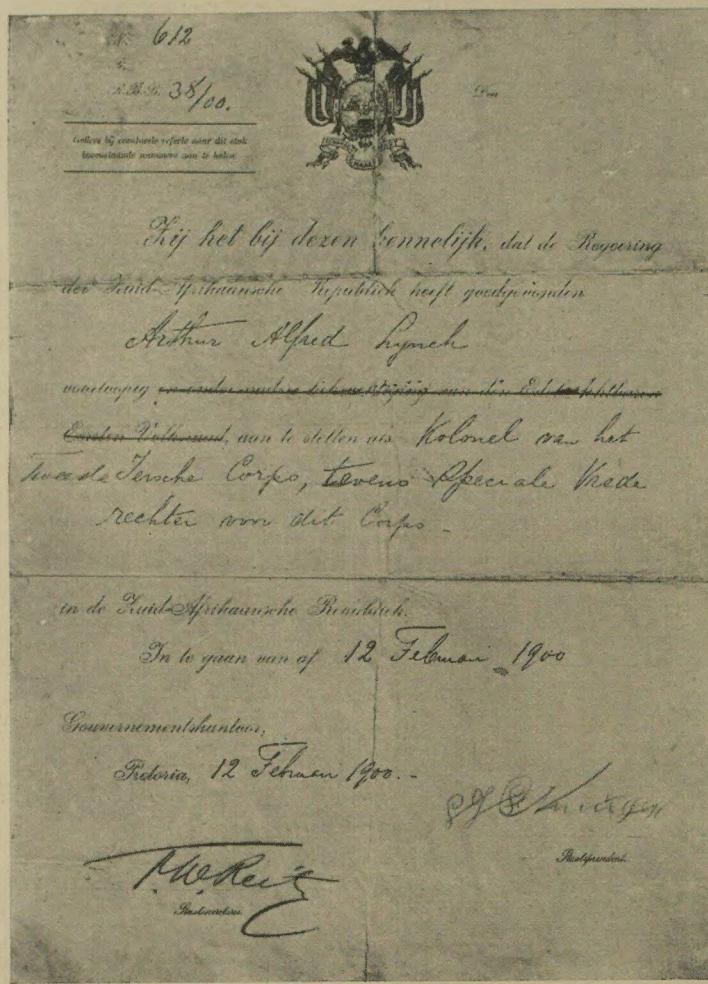
Sir Ernest Waterlow, the newly elected Royal Academician, was born in 1850, and owns to a dozen years of Associateship. His membership of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which he is now the knighted President, dates back to 1880. Sir Ernest, whose placid landscapes have for many years been familiar to all visitors to Burlington House exhibitions, had the honours of his election to full membership enhanced by the fact that Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., was his rival in the race to the top of the blackboard. The lion-taming painter, who has captured so many strenuous beasts and confined them within the bounds of canvas and clay, has been outstripped in this competition by the unaggressive creator of gentlest landscapes. In its way the result tells the old story: the battle is not always with the strong.

Of the three newly chosen Associates of the Royal Academy — Messrs. Bacon, Arnesby Brown, and Colton — the two painters are perhaps better known than the sculptor. Mr. John Bacon last year exhibited the much-discussed picture of "The Reception of the C.I.V. at the Guildhall." His great ability in making recognisable studies of many hundreds of sunburnt wearers of khaki and of nearly as many civic worthies was acknowledged by all, even by those who do not see any close connection between art and pictorial illustration of the sort. The picture no doubt drew many visitors to Burlington House; and perhaps an uncommon gratitude secured for Mr. Bacon the recognition accorded to him by a majority of votes, where the postponed candidates included Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. Gotch.

Mr. Arnesby Brown has made decided hits in the Burlington House exhibitions of the last three or four years, one of his sunny cattle and landscape compositions having received the substantial honour of purchase by the Chantrey trustees. The vacancy he fills at Burlington House is that caused by the recent election of Mr. Bodley to full membership; and in the contest he was victorious over Mr. Basil Champneys, whose claim as an architect seemed to rest on firm foundations.

DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

During the recent excavations at Rome, to which we have frequently had occasion to refer in former numbers, Signor Giacomo Boni, the Director of the Works, has been gradually revealing the aspect of the Forum as it was in various epochs of the Kings, the Republic, the Empire, and the Middle Ages. Between the Temple of Romulus and that of Antonine and Faustine he has unearthed an early evidence of urn-burial. Under several layers of earth was found a great two-handled urn of dark red terra-cotta deposited in a pit or trench, and covered by a slab of grey-green tufa. Within the urn, which is evidently hand-wrought and smoothed outside with a flat piece of wood, were found nine smaller urns of various forms. The largest of these is a cinerarium, with a cover swathed in skins — a primitive funereal custom. It contained human bones, highly calcined, and twenty-four teeth of a person not more than thirty years of age. From these remains Signor Boni conjectured the existence of an ancient necropolis, and about fifty feet to the right of the tomb he came upon the first evidence of inhumation found in the Forum. A rectangular grave, hewn in a block of red tufa, contained a complete skeleton in fine preservation. The head, which is turned slightly to the left, is the only part of the skeleton covered with earth, the rest being cased in stone. A plaque of bronze, very much oxidised, rested upon the bones, and near the head were three little urns. Explorations are still proceeding to discover if possible whether this necropolis belonged to the Rammenses of the Palatine or to the suburban tribes of Rome.



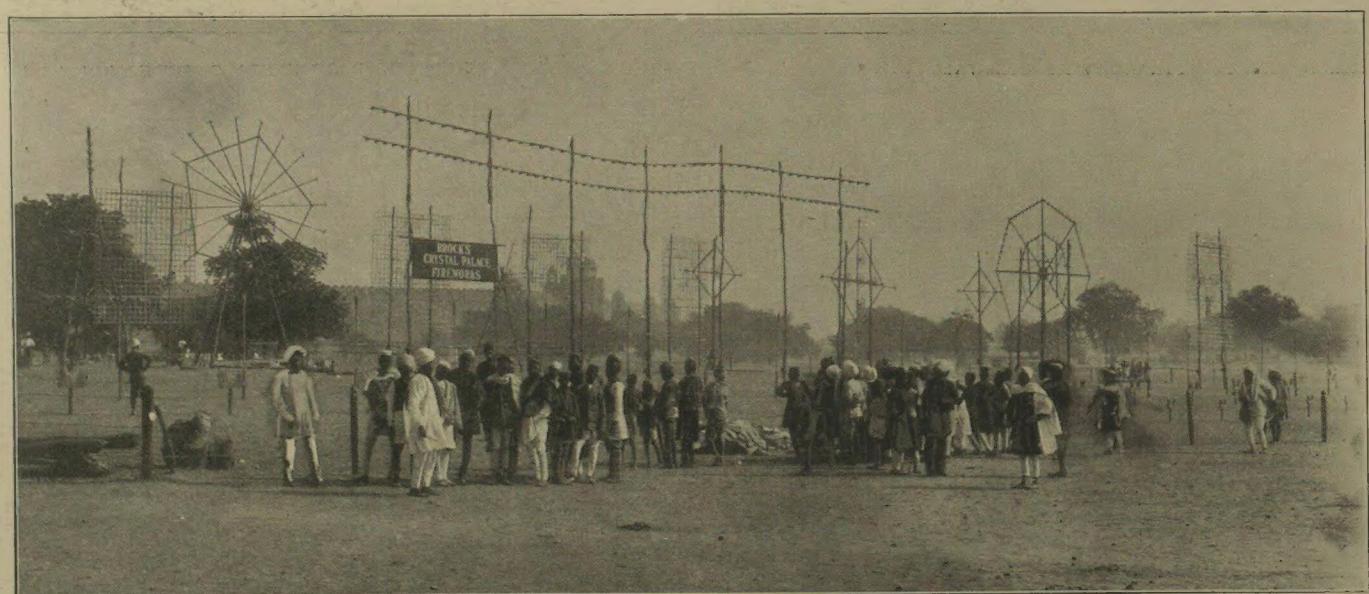
EVIDENCE OF HIGH TREASON: ARTHUR LYNCH'S COMMISSION AS COLONEL OF THE BOERS' "IRISH BRIGADE."

The Commission is signed by Mr. Kruger, and countersigned by Secretary Reitz.

high; elephants heavily draped in cloth-of-gold and rich coloured stuffs, with howdahs curiously wrought in gold and silver; State cars, such as that of Rewah, with gold canopies and silken curtains, the vehicle drawn by elephants; mail-clad Rajputs, warriors whose trappings recalled the time of the Crusades; quaint native drummers and pipers; agile riders on Arab steeds; and such deft horsemen as those of Kishengarh, who stood on their saddles as they passed the Viceroy. The representatives of the Shan States of Burma, with their wide brocaded trousers, silver-embroidered tunics, strange headgear, and golden umbrellas, marched past to the deep and measured beat of a gong. An extraordinary group from Kashmir, including two giants, brought the procession to a close.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN NATAL.

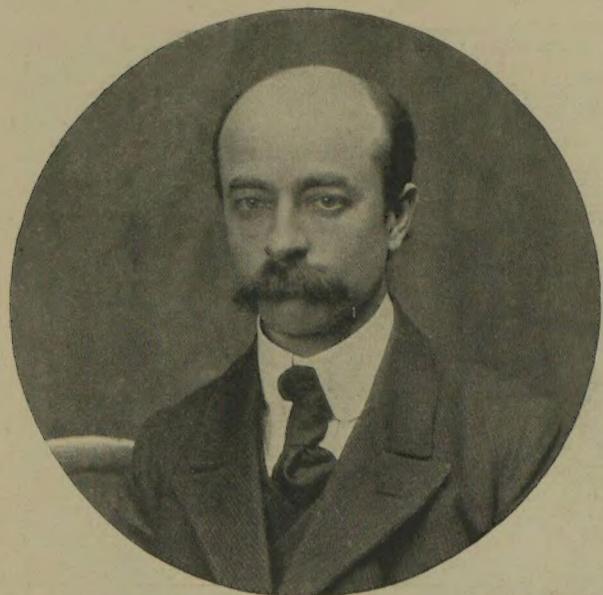
New Year's Day saw Mr. Chamberlain's arrival at Ladysmith. In reply to an address of welcome presented by the Mayor at the railway station, Mr. Chamberlain referred to the heroic part played by the townsmen during the siege. Now that the work of peace had begun, he said, the victors would not seek to humiliate



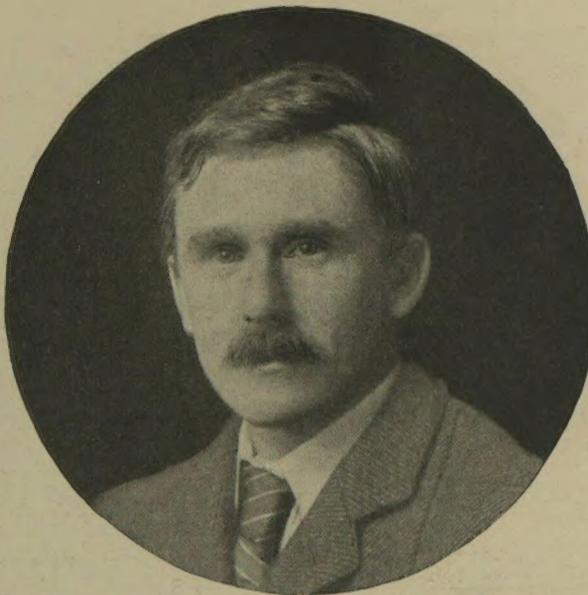
THE DURBAR FIREWORKS: MESSRS. BROCK'S INDIAN EMPLOYÉS PREPARING THE SET PIECES AT DELHI.

The great Imperial fireworks display at Delhi on January 2 was entirely trusted to Messrs. Brock, whose exhibitions during the Indian tour of the King in 1875 and 1876 probably account for the fact that the same firm gave the whole of the Coronation-Durbar displays in India. Many of the most elaborate and costly parts of the fireworks programmes were made on the firing-ground by Crystal Palace workmen. The first shipment in connection with the Durbar displays was made as far back as May of last year. The programme at Delhi, in addition to the usual items, included a device of the Star of India, portraits of Lord and Lady Curzon, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Lord Kitchener, and the King and Queen, presented in the order named. A number of natives were employed in the erection of the framework for the set pieces, and upon work of a similar kind.

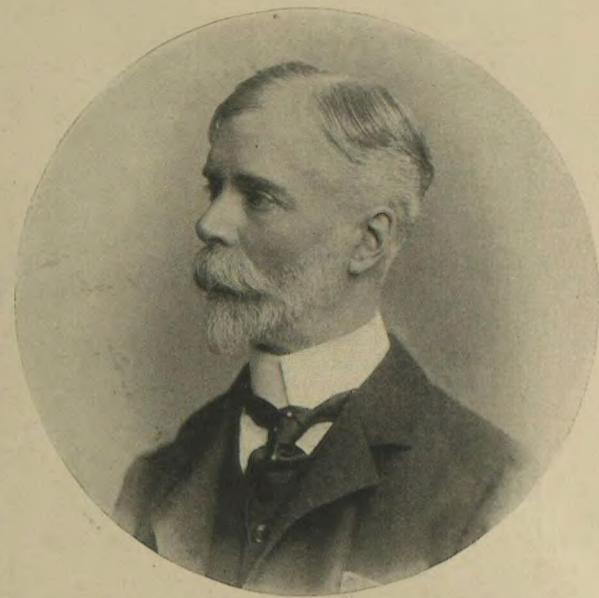
THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTIONS: THE NEW ACADEMICIAN AND ASSOCIATES,
AND EXAMPLES OF THEIR WORK.



MR. JOHN H. F. BACON, A.R.A.



MR. ARNESBY BROWN, A.R.A.



SIR E. A. WATERLOW, R.A.



MORNING.—MR. ARNESBY BROWN, A.R.A.



THE RIVER BANK.—MR. ARNESBY BROWN, A.R.A.



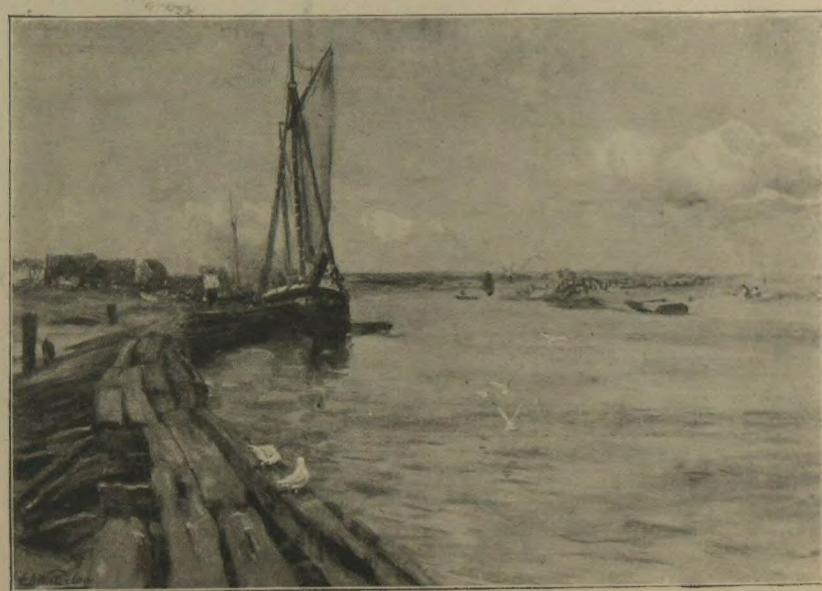
HOME.—MR. J. H. F. BACON, A.R.A.



"SUSCIPERE ME DOMINE."—MR. J. H. F. BACON, A.R.A.



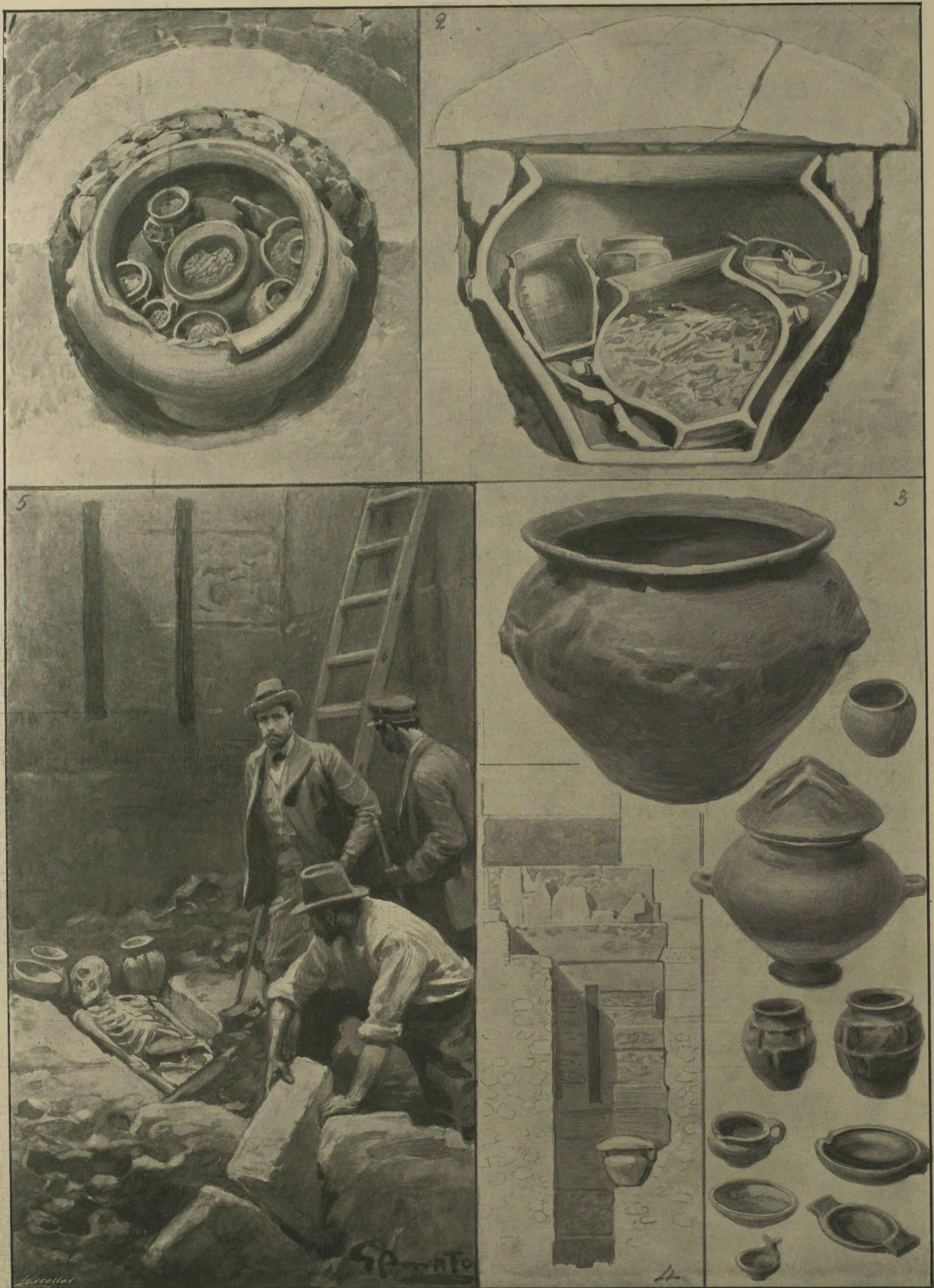
A BACKWATER ON THE OUSE.—SIR E. A. WATERLOW, R.A.



THE RIVER BLYTHE, SUFFOLK.—SIR E. A. WATERLOW, R.A.

THE DISCOVERIES IN THE ROMAN FORUM: RELICS OF PRIMITIVE BURIAL.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



THE ANCIENT NECROPOLIS IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

1. TOMB, WITH CINERARY URNS VIEWED FROM ABOVE, WITHOUT THE COVERING STONE.
 2. SECTION OF THE TOMB, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE NINE SMALLER URNS IN THE GREAT CONTAINING URN, AND THE STONE WHICH COVERED THE WHOLE.
 3. THE GREAT URN AND THE NINE SMALLER VESSELS IT CONTAINED.

4. THE FOUNDATION OF THE TEMPLE OF ANTONINE AND FAUSTINE, WITH SECTION OF THE SEPULCHRAL PIT AND CINERARY URN.
 5. SIGNOR BONI, THE ENGINEER IN CHARGE OF THE EXCAVATIONS, AND HIS WORKMEN IN THE PIT WHERE WAS DISCOVERED THE FIRST GRAVE FOUND IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

THE COLLABORATORS;

OR, THE COMEDY THAT WROTE ITSELF.

ILLUSTRATED BY

By "Q."

[A. FORESTIER.]

How pleasant it is to have money, heigho!
How pleasant it is to have money!

sings (I think) Clough. Well, I had money, and more of it than I felt any desire to spend; which is as much as any reasonable man can want. My age was five-and-twenty, my health good, my conscience moderately clean, and my appetite excellent: I had fame in some degree; and a fair prospect of adding to it: and I was unmarried. In later life a man may seek marriage for its own sake, but at five-and-twenty he marries against his will—because he has fallen in love with a woman; and this had not yet happened to me. I was a bachelor, and content to remain one.

To come to smaller matters—the month was early June, the weather perfect, the solitude of my own choosing, and my posture comfortable enough to invite drowsiness. I had bathed, and, stretched supine in the shade of a high sand-bank, was smoking the day's first cigarette. Behind me lay Ambleteuse; before me, the sea. On the edge of it, their shrill challenges softened by the distance to music, a score of children were playing with spades and buckets, innocently composing a hundred

pretty groups of brown legs, fluttered hair, bright frocks and jerseys, and innocently conspiring with morning to put a spirit of youth into the whole picture. Beyond them the blue sea flashed with its own smiles, and the blue heaven over them with the glancing wings of gulls. On this showing it is evident that I, George Anthony Richardson, ought to have been happy; whereas, in fact, Richardson was cheerful enough, but George Anthony restless and discontent: by reason that Richardson, remembering the past, enjoyed by contrast the present, and knew himself to be jolly well off; while George Anthony, likewise remembering the past, felt gravely concerned for the future.

Let me explain. A year ago I had been a clerk in the Office of the Local Government Board—a detested calling with a derisory stipend. It was all that a University education (a second in Moderations and a third in *Literæ Humaniores*) had enabled me to win, and I stuck to it because I possessed no patrimony and had no "prospects" save one, which stood precariously on the favour of an uncle—my mother's brother, Major-General Benjamin McIntosh, C.B. Now the General could not be

called an indulgent man. He had retired from active service to concentrate upon his kinsfolk those military gifts which even on the wide plains of Hindostan had kept him the terror of his country's foes and the bugbear of his own soldiery. He had an iron sense of discipline and a passion for it; he detested all forms of amusement; in religion he belonged to the sect of the Peculiar People; and he owned a gloomy house near the western end of the Cromwell Road, where he dwelt and had for butler, valet, and factotum a Peculiar Person named Trewlove.

In those days I found my chief recreation in the theatre; and by-and-by, when I essayed to write for it, and began to pester managers with curtain-raisers, small vaudevilles, comic libretti and the like, you will guess that in common prudence I called myself by a *nom de guerre*. Dropping the "Richardson," I signed my productions "George Anthony," and as "George Anthony" the playgoing public now discusses me. For some while, I will confess, the precaution was superfluous, the managers having apparently entered into league to ensure me as much obscurity as I had any use for. But at length,



I had bathed, and, stretched supine in the shade of a high sand-bank, was smoking the day's first cigarette.

in an unguarded moment, the manager of the Duke of Cornwall's Theatre (formerly the Euterpe) accepted a three-act farce. It was poorly acted, yet for some reason it took the town. "Larks in Aspic," a Farical Comedy by George Anthony, ran for a solid three hundred nights; and before it ceased, my unsuspecting uncle had closed his earthly career, leaving me with seventy thousand pounds (the bulk of it invested in India Government stock), the house in the Cromwell Road, and, lastly, in sacred trust, his faithful body-servant, William John Trewlove.

Here let me pause to deplore man's weakness and the allurement of splendid possessions. I had been happy enough in my lodgings in Jermyn Street, and, thanks to "Larks in Aspic," they were decently furnished. At the prompting, surely, of some malignant spirit, I exchanged them for a house too large for me in a street too long for life, for my uncle's furniture (of the Great Exhibition period), and for the unnecessary and detested services of Trewlove.

This man enjoyed, by my uncle's will, an annuity of fifty pounds. He had the look, too, of one who denied himself small pleasures, not only on religious grounds, but because they cost money. Somehow, I never doubted that he owned a balance at the bank, or that, after a brief interval spent in demonstrating that our ways were uncongenial, he would retire on a competence and await translation to join my uncle in an equal sky—equal, that is, within the fence of the elect. But not a bit of it! I had been adjured in the will to look after him: and at first I supposed that he clung to me against inclination, from a conscientious resolve to give me every chance. By-and-by, however, I grew aware of a change in him; or, rather, of some internal disquiet, suppressed but volcanic, working towards a change. Once or twice he staggered me by answering some casual question in a tone which, to say the least of it, suggested an ungainly attempt at facetiousness. A look at his sepulchral face would reassure me, but did not clear up the mystery. Something was amiss with Trewlove.

The horrid truth broke upon me one day as we discussed the conduct of one of my two housemaids. Trewlove, returning one evening (as I gathered) from a small *réunion* of his fellow-sectarians in the Earl's Court Road, had caught her in the act of exchanging railings from an upper window with a trooper in the 2nd Life Guards, and had reported her.

"Most unbecoming," said I.

"Unwomanly," said Trewlove, with a sudden contortion of the face; "unwomanly, Sir!—but ah, how like a woman!"

I stared at him for one wild moment; and turned abruptly to the window. The rascal had flung a quotation at me—out of "Larks in Aspic"! He knew, then! He had penetrated the disguise of "George Anthony," and, worse still, he meant to forgive it. His eye had conveyed a dreadful promise of complicity. Almost—I would have given worlds to know, and yet I dared not face it—almost it had been essaying a wink!

I dismissed him with instructions—not very coherent, I fear—to give the girl a talking-to, and sat down to think. How long had he known?—that was my first question, and in justice to him it had to be considered: since, had he known and kept the secret in my uncle's lifetime, beyond a doubt, and unpleasant as the thought might be, I was enormously his debtor. That stern warrior's attitude towards the playhouse had ever been uncompromising. Stalls, pit, and circles—the very names suggested Dantesque images and provided illustrations for many a discourse. Themselves verbose, these discourses indicated A Short Way with Stage-players, and it stood in no doubt that the authorship of "Larks in Aspic" had only to be disclosed to him to provide me with the shortest possible cut out of seventy thousand pounds.

I might, and did, mentally consign Trewlove to all manner of painful places, as, for instance, the bottom of the sea; but I could not will away this obligation. After cogitating awhile I rang for him.

"Trewlove," said I, "you know, it seems, that I have written a—a play."

"Yessir, cert'nly. 'Larks in Aspic,' Sir."

I winced. "Since when have you known this?"

The dog, I am sure, took the bearings of this question at once. But he laid his head on one side, and while he pulled one whisker, as if ringing up the information, his eyes grew dull and seemed to be withdrawing into visions of a far-away past. "I have been many times to see it, Mr. George, and would be hard put to it to specify the first occasion. But it was a mattinay."

"That is not what I asked, Trewlove. I want to know when you first suspected or satisfied yourself that I was the author."

"Oh, at once, Sir! The style, if I may say so, was unmistakable: *in-nimitable*, Sir, if I may take the libbatty."

"Excuse me," I began; but he did not hear. He had passed for the moment beyond decorum, and his eyes began to roll in a manner expressive of inward rapture, but not pretty to watch.

"I had not listened to your talk, Sir, in private life—I had not, as one might say, imbibed it—for nothink. The General, Sir—your lamented uncle—had a flow: he would, if allowed, and meaning no disrespect, talk the hind leg off a jackass; but I found him lacking in 'umour. Now you, Mr. George, 'ave 'umour. You 'ave not your uncle's flow, Sir—the Lord forbid! But in give-and-take, as one might say, you are igstreamly droll. On many occasions, Sir, when you were extra sparkling I do assure you it required pressure not to igsplode."

"I thank you, Trewlove," said I coldly. "But will you, please, waive these unsolicited testimonials and answer my question? Let me put it in another form. Was it in my uncle's lifetime that you first witnessed my play?"

Trewlove's eyes ceased to roll, and, meeting mine, withdrew themselves politely behind impenetrable mists. "The General, Sir, was opposed to theatre-going in toto; anathemum was no word for what he thought of

it. And if it had come to 'Larks in Aspic,' with your permission I will only say Great Scot!"

"I may take it, then, that you did not see the play and surprise my secret until after his death?"

Trewlove drew himself up with fine reserve and dignity. "There is such a thing, Sir, I 'ope, as Libbaty of Conscience."

With that I let him go. The colloquy had not only done me no service, but had positively emboldened him—or so I seemed to perceive as the weeks went on—in his efforts to cast off his old slough and become a travesty of me, as he had been a travesty of my uncle. I am willing to believe that they caused him pain. A crust of habit so inveterate as his cannot be rent without throes, to the severity of which his facial contortions bore witness whenever he attempted a witticism. Warned by them, I would sometimes admonish him—

"Mirth without vulgarity, Trewlove!"

"Yessir," he would answer, and add with a sigh, "It's the best sort, Sir—admittedly."

But if painful to him, this metamorphosis worked on my nerves. I should explain that, flushed with the success of "Larks in Aspic," I had cheerfully engaged myself to provide the Duke of Cornwall's with a play to succeed it. At the moment of signing the contract my bosom's lord had sat lightly on its throne, for I felt my head to be humming with ideas. But affluence, or the air of the Cromwell Road, seemed uncongenial to the Muse.

Three months had slipped away. I had not written a line. My ideas, which had seemed on the point of precipitation, surrendering to some centrifugal eddy, slipped one by one beyond grasp. I suppose every writer of experience knows these vacant terrifying intervals; but they were strange to me then, and I had not learnt the virtue of waiting. I grew flurried, and saw myself doomed to be the writer of one play.

In this infirmity the daily presence of Trewlove became intolerable. There came an evening when I found myself toying with the knives at dinner, and wondering where precisely lay the level of his fifth rib at the back of my chair.

I dropped the weapon and pushed forward my glass to be refilled. "Trewlove," said I, "you shall pack for me to-morrow, and send off the servants on board wages. I need a holiday. I—I trust this will not be inconvenient to you?"

"I thank you, Sir; not in the least." He coughed, and I bent my head, some instinct forewarning me.

"I shall be away for three months at least," I put in quickly. (Five minutes before I had not dreamed of leaving home.)

But the stroke was not to be averted. For months it had been preparing.

"As for inconvenience, Sir—if I may remind you—the course of Trewlove never did—"

"For three months at least," I repeated, rapping sharply on the table.

Next day I crossed the Channel and found myself at Ambleteuse.

11.

I chose Ambleteuse because it was there that I had written the greater part of "Larks in Aspic." I went again to my old quarters at Madame Peyron's. As before, I eschewed company, excursions, all forms of violent exercise. I bathed, ate, drank, slept, rambled along the sands, or lay on my back and stared at the sky, smoking and inviting my soul. In short, I reproduced all the old "conditions favourable to composition." But in vain! At Ambleteuse, no less than in London, the Muse retreated before my advances, and, when I sat still and waited, kept her distance, declining to be coaxed.

Matters were really growing serious. Three weeks had drifted by with not a line and scarcely an idea to show for them; and the morning's post had brought me a letter from Cozens, of the Duke of Cornwall's, begging for (at least) a scenario of the new piece. My play (he said) would easily last this season out; but he must reopen in the autumn with a new one, and—in short, weren't we beginning to run some risk?

I groaned, crushed the letter into my pocket, and, by an effort of will, put the tormenting question from me until after my morning bath. But now the time was come to face it. I began weakly by asking myself why the dickens I—with enough for my needs—had bound myself to write this thing within a given time, at the risk of turning out inferior work. For that matter, why should I write a comedy at all if I didn't want to? These were reasonable questions, and yet they missed the point. The point was that I had given my promise to Cozens, and that Cozens depended on it. Useless to ask now why I had given it! At the time I could have promised cheerfully to write him three plays within as many months.

So full my head was then, and so empty now! A grotesque and dreadful suspicion took me. While Trewlove tortured himself to my model, was I, by painful degrees, exchanging brains with him? I laughed; but I was unhinged. I had been smoking too many cigarettes during these three weeks, and the vampire thought continued to flit obscenely between me and the pure seascape. I saw myself the inheritor of Trewlove's cast-off personality, his inelegancies of movement, his religious opinions, his bogginess at the knees, his mournful, pensile whiskers—

This would never do! I must concentrate my mind on the play. Let me see—The title can wait. Two married couples have just been examined at Dunmow, and awarded the "historic" fitch for conjugal happiness. Call them A and Mrs. A, B and Mrs. B. On returning to the hotel with their trophies, it is discovered that B and Mrs. A are old flames, while each finds a mistaken reason to suspect that A and Mrs. B have also met years before, and at least dallied with courtship. Thus while their spouses alternately rage with suspicion and invent devices to conceal their own defaults, A and Mrs. B sit innocently nursing their illusions and their symbolical Flitches. The situation holds plenty of comedy, and

the main motive begins to explain itself. Now then for anagnorisis, comic peripeteia, division into acts, and the rest of the wallet.

I smoked another two cigarettes and flung away a third in despair. Useless! The plaguey thing refused to take shape. I sprang up and paced the sands, dogged by an invisible Cozens piping thin reproaches above the hum of the breakers.

Suddenly I came to a halt. Why *this* play? Why expend vain efforts on this particular complication when in a drawer at home lay two acts of a comedy ready written, and the third and final act sketched out? The burden of months broke its straps and fell from me as I pondered. "My Tenant" was the name of the thing, and I had thrust it aside only when the idea of "Larks in Aspic" occurred to me—not in any disgust. And really, now, what I remembered of it seemed to me astonishingly good!

I pulled out my watch, and as I did so there flashed on me—in that sudden freakish way which the best ideas affect—a new and brilliant idea for the plot of "My Tenant." The whole of the third and concluding act spread itself instantaneously before me. I knew then and there why the play had been laid aside. It had waited for this, and it wanted only this. I held the thing now, compact and tight, within my five fingers: as tight and compact as the mechanism of the watch in my hand.

But why had I pulled out the watch? Because the manuscript of "My Tenant" lay in the drawer of my writing-table in the Cromwell Road, and I was calculating how quickly a telegram would reach Trewlove with instructions to find and forward it. Then I bethought me that the lock was a patent one, and that I carried the key with me on my private key-chain. Why should I not cross from Calais by the next boat and recover my treasure? It would be the sooner in my possession. I might be reading it again that very night in my own home and testing my discovery. I might return with it on the morrow—that is, if I desired to return. After all, Ambleteuse had failed me. In London, I could shut myself up and work at white heat. In London, I should be near Cozens: a telegram would fetch him out to South Kensington within the hour, to listen and approve. (I had no doubt of his approval.) In London, I should renew relations with the real Trewlove—the familiar, the absurd. I will not swear that for the moment I thought of Trewlove at all: but he remained at the back of my mind, and at Calais I began the process of precipitating him (so to speak) by a telegram advertising him of my return, and requesting that my room might be prepared.

I had missed the midday boat, and reached Dover by the later and slower one as the June night began to descend. From Victoria I drove straight to my club, and snatched a supper of cold meats in its half-lit dining-room. Twenty minutes later I was in my hansom again and swiftly bowling westward—I say "bowling" because it is the usual word, and I was in far too fierce a hurry to think of a better.

I had dropped back upon London in the fastest whirl of the season; and at the hour when all the world rolls homeward from the theatres. Two hansomas raced with mine, and red lights by the score dotted the noble slope of Piccadilly. To the left the street-lamps flung splashes of theatrical green on the sombre boughs of the Green Park. In one of the porticos to the right half-a-dozen guests lingered for a moment, and laughed together before taking their leave. One of them stood on the topmost steps, lighting a cigarette: he carried his silk-lined Inverness over his arm—so sultry the night was—and the ladies wore but the slightest of wraps over their bright frocks and jewels. One of them as we passed stepped forward, and I saw her dismissing her brougham. A night for walking, thought the party: and a fine night for sleeping out of doors, thought the road-watchman close by, watching them and meditatively smoking behind his barricade hung with danger-lanterns. Overhead rode the round moon.

It is the fashion to cry down London, and I have taken my part in the chorus; but always—be the absence never so short—I come back to her with the same lift of the heart. Why did I ever leave her? What had I gone a-seeking in Ambleteuse?—a place where a man leaves his room only to carry his writing-desk with him and plant it by the sea. London offered the only true recreation. In London a man might turn the key on himself and work for so long as it pleased him. But let him emerge, and *pif!*—the jostle of the streets shook his head clear of the whole stuffy business. No; decidedly I would not return to Madame Peyron's. London for me, until my comedy was written, down to the last word on the last page!

We were halfway down the Cromwell Road when I took this resolution, and at once I was aware of a gathering of carriages drawn up in line ahead and close beside the pavement. At intervals the carriages moved forward a few paces and the line closed up; but it stretched so far that I soon began to wonder which of my neighbours could be entertaining on a scale so magnificent.

"What number did you say, Sir?" the cabman asked through his trap.

"Number 402," I called up.

"Blest if I can get alongside the pavement then," he grumbled. He was a surly man.

"Never mind that. Pull up opposite Number 402 and I'll slip between. I've only my bag to carry."

"Didn't know folks was so gay in these outlyin' parts," he commented sourly, and closed the trap; but presently opened it again. His horse had dropped to a walk. "Did you say 402?" he asked.

"Oh, confound it—yes!" I was growing impatient.

He pulled up and began to turn the horse's head.

"Hi! What are you doing?"

"Goin' back to the end of the line—back to take our bloomin' turn," he answered wearily. "Four-nought two, you said; didn't you?"

"Yes, yes; are you deaf? What have I to do with this crowd?"

"I hain't deaf, but I got eyes. Four-nought-two's where the horning's up, that's all."

"The horning? What's that?"

"Oh, I'm tired of explanations. A horning's a horning, what they put up when they gives a party; leastways," he added reflectively, "He don't."

"But there's no party at Number 402," I insisted. "The thing's impossible."

"Very well, then; I'm a liar, and that ends it." He wheeled again and began to walk his horse sullenly forward. "Oo's blind this time?"

he demanded, coming to a standstill in front of the house.

An awning stretched down from the front door and across the pavement, where two policemen guarded the alighting guests from pressure by a small but highly curious crowd. Overhead, the first-floor windows had been flung wide; the rooms within were afame with light; and, as I grasped the tail of the splashboard, and, straightening myself up, gazed over the cab-roof with a wild surmise into the driver's face, a powerful but invisible string band struck up the "Country Girl" Lancers!

"Oo's a liar now?" He jerked his whip towards the number "402" staring down at me from the illuminated pane above the awning.

"But it's my own house!" I gasped.

"Hoh?" said he. "Well, it may be. I don't conteraddict."

"Here, give me my bag!" I fumbled in my pocket for his fare.

"Cook giving a party? Well, you're handy for the Wild West out here—good old Earl's Court!" He jerked his whip again towards the awning as a North American Indian in full war-paint passed up the steps and into the house, followed by the applause of the crowd.

I must have overpaid the man extravagantly, for his tone changed suddenly as he examined the coins in his hand. "Look here, guvnor, if you want any little 'elp, I was barman one time at the Elephant—"

But I caught up my bag, swung off the step, and, squeezing between a horse's wet nose and the back of a brougham, gained the pavement, where a red-baize carpet divided the ranks of the crowd.

"Hullo!" One of the policemen put out a hand to detain me.

"It's all right," I assured him; "I belong to the house." It seemed a safer explanation than that the house belonged to me.

"Is it the ices?" he asked.

But I ran up the porchway, eager to get to grips with Trewlove.

On the threshold a young and extremely elegant footman confronted me.

"Where is Trewlove?" I demanded

He was glorious in a tasseled coat and knee-breeches, both of bright blue. He wore his hair in powder, and eyed me with suspicion if not with absolute disfavour.

"Where is Trewlove?" I repeated, dwelling fiercely on each syllable.

The ass became lightly satirical. "Well we may wonder," said he; "search the wide world over. But really and truly you've come to the wrong 'ouse this time. Here, stand to one side!" he commanded, as a lady

owner of this house. Here if you wish to assure yourself—is my card."

His face fell instantly: fell so completely and woefully that I could not help feeling sorry for him. "I beg pardon, Sir—most 'umbly, I do indeed. You will do me the justice, Sir—I had no idea, as *per* description, Sir, being led to expect a different kind of gentleman altogether.

"You had my telegram, then?"

"Telegram, Sir?" He hesitated, searching his memory. "Certainly—a telegram sent by me at one o'clock this afternoon, or thereabouts—"

Here, with an apology, he left me to attend to a new arrival—a Yellow Dwarf with a decidedly music-hall manner, who nudged him in the stomach and fell upon his neck exclaiming, "My long lost brother!"

"Cert'nly, Sir. You will find the company upstairs, Sir." The young man disengaged himself with admirable dignity and turned again to me. "A telegram did you say—?"

"Addressed to 'Trewlove, 402, Cromwell Road,'"

"William!" He summoned another footman forward. "This gentleman is inquiring for a telegram sent here this afternoon, addressed 'Trewlove,'"

"There was such a telegram," said William. "I heard Mr. Horrex a-discussing of it in the pantry. The mistress took the name for a telegraphic address, and sent it back to the office, saying there must be some mistake."

"But I sent it myself!"

"I needed, Sir?"

"It contained an order to get my room ready."

"This gentleman is Mr. Richardson," explained the younger footman.

"I needed, Sir?" William's face brightened. "In that case, there's no 'arm done, for your room is ready, and I laid out your dress myself: Mr. 'Erbert gave particular instructions before going out."

"Mr. 'Erbert?" I gazed around me blankly. Who in the name of wonder was Mr. Herbert?

"If you will allow me, Sir—" suggested William, taking my bag, while the other went back to his post.

"Thank you," said I, "but I know my own room, I hope."

He shook his head. "The

mistress made some alterations at the last moment, and you're on the fourth floor over the street. Mr. 'Erbert's last words were that if you arrived before him I was to 'ope you didn't mind being so near the roof."

Well, of one thing at least I could be sure: I was in my own house. For the rest, I might be Rip van Winkle or the Sleeper Awakened. Who was this lady called "the mistress"? Who was Mr. Herbert? How came they here? And—deepest mystery of all—how came they to be expecting *me*? Some villainy of Trewlove's must be the clue of this tangle: and holding to this clue, I resolved to follow whither fate might lead.

(To be concluded next week.)

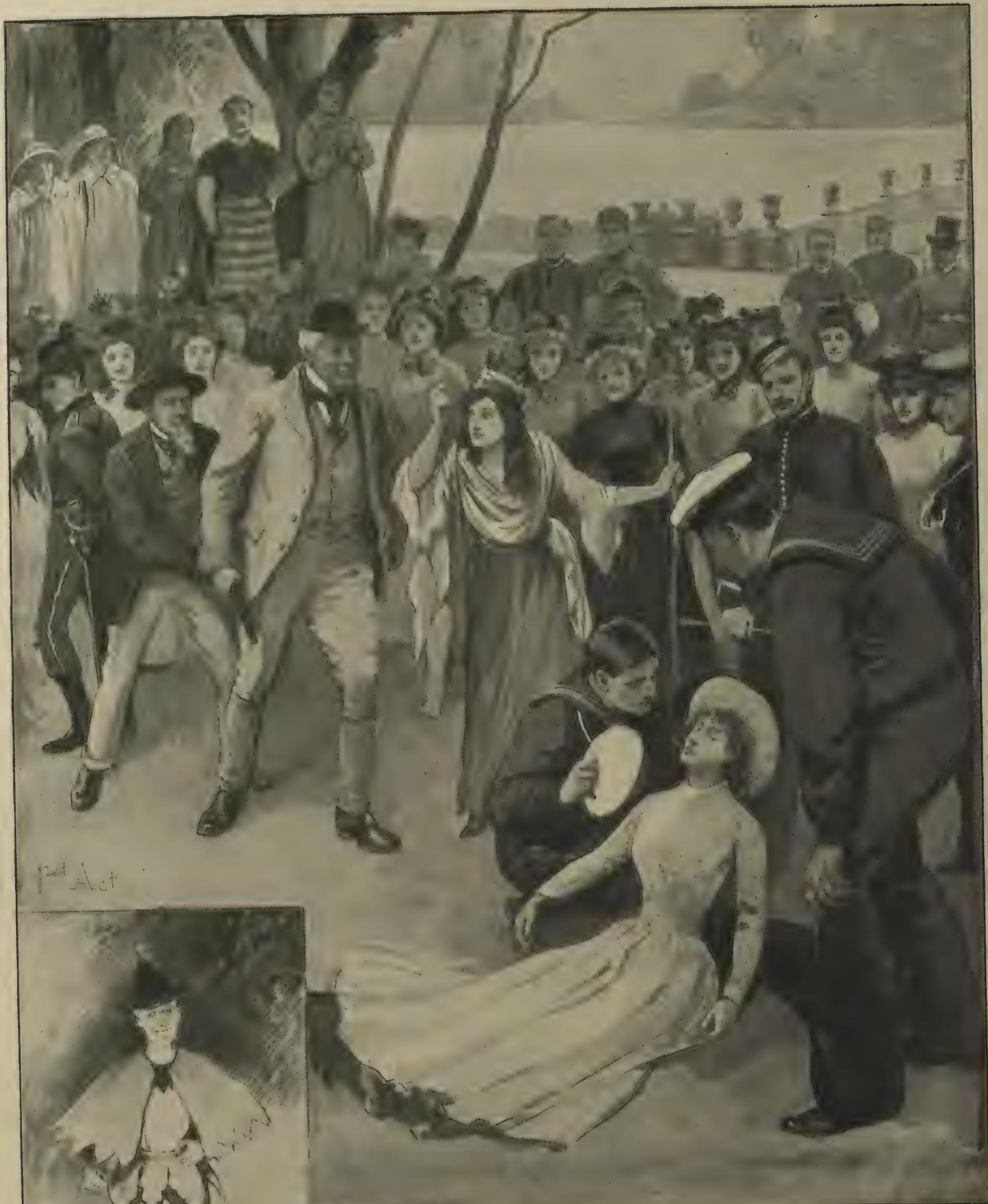


La Pompadour, followed by an Old English Gentleman with an anachronistic Hebrew nose.

in the costume of La Pompadour, followed by an Old English Gentleman with an anachronistic Hebrew nose, swept past me into the hall. He bowed deferentially while he mastered their names, "Mr and Mrs. Levy!" he cried, and a second footman came forward to escort them up the stairs. To convince myself that this was my own house I stared hard at a bust of Havelock—my late uncle's chief, and for religious as well as military reasons his *beau idéal* of a British warrior.

The young footman resumed. "When you've had a good look round and seen all you want to see—"

"I am Mr. Richardson," I interrupted; "and up to a few minutes ago I supposed myself to be the



THE PRODUCTION OF THE NEW SAVOY OPERA, JANUARY 22.

SCENE FROM ACT I. OF "A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The scene of the opera is laid in Kensington Gardens, and the plot turns upon the fortunes of a fairy, Kenna (hence, "Kensington"), who has quarrelled with her lover, Azuriel, because, a thousand years before, she had been admired by a mortal, Prince Albion. Azuriel will have Albion produced to prove his marriage with another maid. Puck is called in to solve the difficulty, and mischievously produces four men from H.M.S. "Albion." The name on their caps affords a plausible plea that one of them is the missing prince.



"AN EASY CHANCE FOR A DOUBLE": WILD DUCK SHOOTING.
DRAWN BY HENRY STANNARD.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S TOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA: PIETERMARITZBURG AND LADYSMITH.

LADYSMITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEVAN, THE OTHER BY ALLERSTON



THE ARRIVAL OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT LADYSMITH.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TRAIN LEAVING LADYSMITH.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN STARTING FOR SPION KOP.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL, PIETERMARITZBURG.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE STATE SERVICE ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 4

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIFLE AND KLEIN.



1. A NEAR VIEW OF THE TROOPS FACING THE VICEROY'S PLATFORM.

2. THE BAND AND CHOIR, WITH MEGAPHONES, SINGING "FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT WITH ALL THY MIGHT."

3. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MASSED TROOPS ON THE POLO GROUND.

The Bishop of Calcutta preached to an audience entirely British. An interesting feature of the choral part of the service was the use of megaphones to assist the voices of the singers.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE REVIEW OF MUTINY VETERANS.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.



Duke of Connaught.

Viceroy.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REVIEWING THE MUTINY VETERANS IN THE VICEROY'S CAMP.

The review was held on the lawn of the central camp on the afternoon of January 3. The old soldiers included both Europeans and Indians, and after the inspection the Duke and the Viceroy conversed with every man.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE INVESTITURE OF THE INDIAN ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.



Viceroy.

Duke of Connaught.

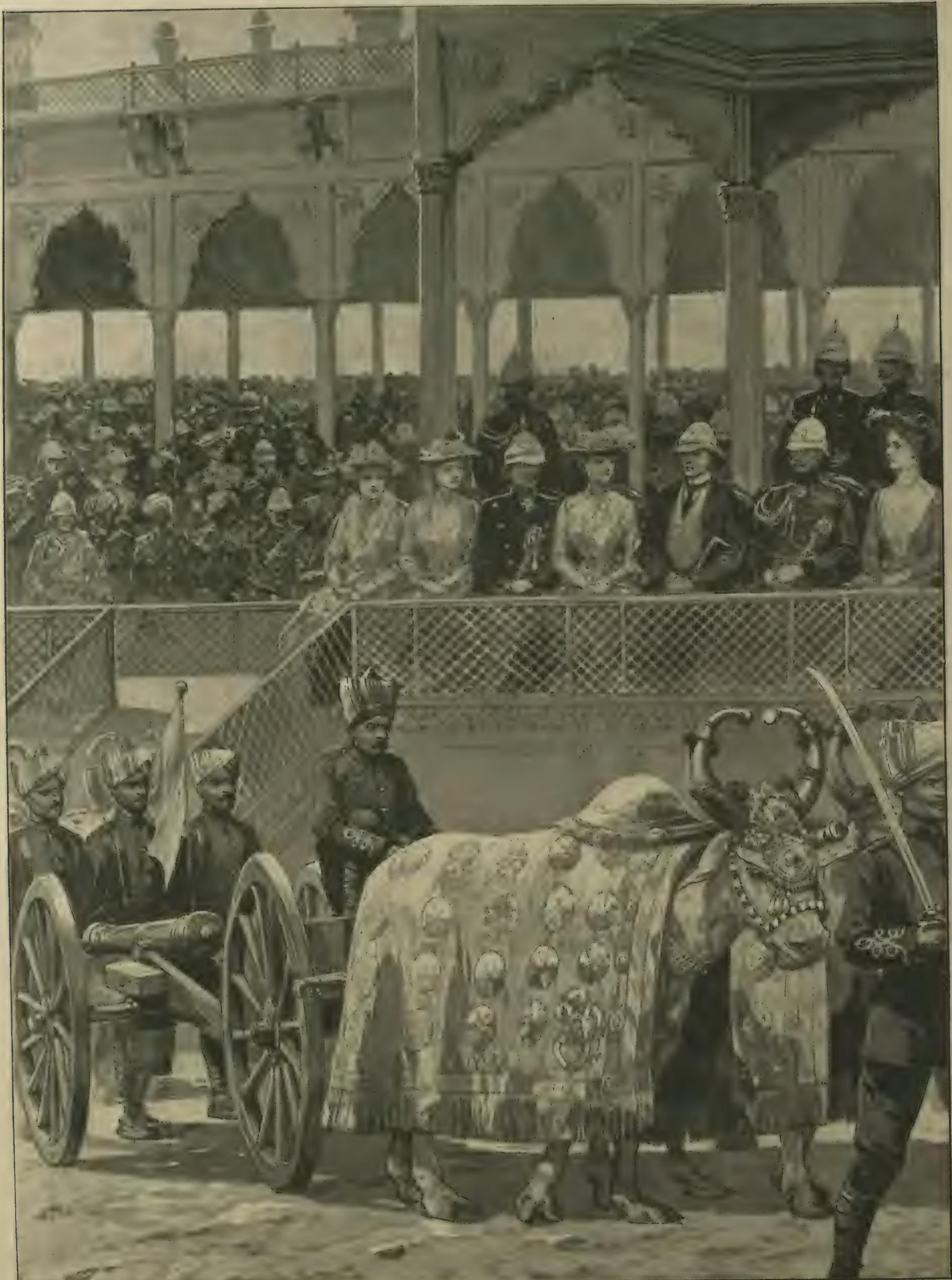
Duchess of Connaught.

LORD CURZON HOLDING A GRAND CHAPTER OF THE ORDERS OF THE STAR OF INDIA AND THE INDIAN EMPIRE: THE INVESTITURE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF COCHIN WITH THE STAR OF INDIA.

In the *Dewan-i-Am*, the hall of public audience of the Mogul Emperors, the scene presented by the assemblage was one of the most magnificent of the whole series of ceremonials. The *ladies* were priceless gems, the *Gaikwar* of Baroda alone wearing a necklace worth a quarter of a million sterling, while the *Duchess of Connaught* and *Lady Curzon* were also resplendent with jewels. The Chapter of the Order of the Star of India was first held, and then the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught retired and exchanged their robes for the Insignia of the Indian Empire. On their return, the recipients of honour under that Order were presented.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE REVIEW OF NATIVE CHIEFS' RETAINERS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DEENI.



THE GOLD GUN OF THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA PASSING THE VICEREGRAL DAIS.

A unique feature of the procession of January 7 were two field-guns from Baroda. One was sheathed in heavily wrought silver, and was mounted on a gold carriage; and the other was sheathed in solid gold, and mounted on a silver carriage. Each gun was drawn by a splendid pair of bullocks, the horns of which were encased in gold, their bodies clothed in sweeping cloth-of-gold; and on their feet heavy gold anklets.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: NATIVE CHIEFTAINS AND RETAINERS.



1. THE ELEPHANT BEARING THE REWAH STATE STANDARD.

2. KNIGHT OF JAIPUR IN CHAIN MAIL, WITH HORSE IN COMPLETE ARMOUR.

3. A MOUNTED STANDARD-BEARER.

4. GIANTS IN CHAIN MAIL.

5. A SUPERB HORSEMAN.

6. A MOUNTED SWORDSMAN.

PICTURESQUE GROUPS OF NATIVE CHIEFS' RETAINERS, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE REVIEW BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.



1. THE MAHARAJAH OF TRAVANCORE.

2. A TYPICAL RAJPUT CHIEF.

3. SHAN CHIEFS.

4. PICTURESQUE FEUDALORIES: THE SHAN CHIEFS.

5. RAJPUT CHIEFS.

INDIAN CHIEFS AT THE IMPERIAL DURBAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRENNER.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Selected and Arranged by Walter Wood. (London: Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.)

A Little Captive Lad. By Beulah Marie Dix. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)

Lauder and Her Lovers. By Deas Cromarty. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

A History of Siena. By Langton Douglas. With Illustrations. (London: John Murray. 25s.)

The Egregious English. By Angus McNeill. (London: Grant Richards. 5s.)

My Life-Work. By Samuel Smith, M.P. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

The National Portrait Gallery. Edited by Lionel Cust, M.V.O., F.S.A., Director of the National Portrait Gallery. Vol. II. (London: Cassell. £3 3s.)

Kotto. By Lafcadio Hearn. Illustrated by Genjiro Yeto. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)

Mr. Walter Wood has condensed in one volume the dozen bulky volumes of Wellington's despatches, originally edited by Colonel Gurwood. The new edition, which contains very little superfluous matter, ought to have many points of interest for a public which has followed the fortunes of the British army in the South African Campaign. Readers who were assured every day for nearly three years that our soldiers conducted the Boer War by "methods of barbarism" will not fail to observe that warfare is a good deal more humane in our time than it was during the long struggle in the Peninsula. It was Wellington's constant complaint that he could not keep his troops from marauding, and that frequent courts-martial failed to repress outrage. "I have long been of opinion," he wrote in a moment of exasperation, "that a British army could bear neither success nor failure." This was provoked by the plundering in Portugal, where the soldiers took a particular delight in stealing bullocks, "for what reason I am sure I do not know, except it be, as I understand is their practice, to sell them to the people again." The troops in South Africa were accused of many things by amiable moralists, but never of that. It is only fair to the soldiers in the Peninsula to remember that they were often starved. In the summer of 1809 Wellington had to withdraw from Spain into Portugal in search of food. If he was severe on the misconduct of his men, he did not spare disorderly officers. At a Lisbon theatre, he writes, "I have been concerned to see officers in uniform, with their hats on, upon the stage during the performance, and to hear of the riots and outrages which some of them have committed behind the scenes." That seems incredible now. And what would have been said if the British Commander-in-Chief in South Africa had issued such an order as this: "Send round to the people that they must retire from the villages, and let the magistrates know that if any of them stay, or if any of the inhabitants have any communication with the enemy, they shall be hanged"?

Semi-historical romances, we are assured, have surfeited the American reader, but apparently their volume does not diminish. At any rate, more of them than ever before seem to find a way to our shores. Among the latest to reach us is "A Little Captive Lad," by Miss Beulah Marie Dix, whose previous novels, we understand, have attracted a good deal of attention in the States. We cannot profess to have found "A Little Captive Lad" a very strong romance. Except for the opening, and to our mind the most stirring, scenes in the Hague, the action lies in England, chiefly at Southurst, the home of the Darrells in Worcestershire. The time is a few months on either side of the battle of Worcester; and one of the main conditions of the story, as we naturally expect, is a house divided against itself in the Cavalier and Roundhead causes. Miss Dix, however, departs from the conventional treatment of this subject by doing without a heroine. The affection of the little hero Gervase is the particular and personal ground of quarrel between the King's man and Cromwell's. The larger political strife comes into the romance as a faint echo only.

The most unkind comment which we have to make about Deas Cromarty, the author of "Lauder and Her Lovers," is that she is too diffuse, too discursive. There is too much of everything, not even excepting the beautiful Lauder: the lovers are less in evidence; only one or two out of a seemingly incredible number make any appearance. The story is Scotch, as the title indicates; indeed, it is almost militantly Scotch, and not a few of the Caledonian writers, whose names are well known even in the South, come in for kindly recognition! But in spite of these blemishes, the book undoubtedly has its points. The impressions of Scotch life and manners are wonderfully just; the national robustness of character has free play, and ultra-pietism, super-sentimentality, and excessive dourness are not allowed to mar it. Peter Campbell calls to mind Mr. Stevenson's "long-legged, long-headed, thoughtful, Bible-quoting ploughman"—the man who is perhaps the finest product of his country, but who is too often misrepresented by the aspiring idyllist. We should add that the plot is excellent, and ingeniously worked out, with a well-kept secret for the dramatic dénouement.

Our knowledge of Italian towns, their history, topography, architecture, and art, should have immensely increased of late, and Mr. Langton Douglas's "History of Siena" adds much that is solid to a widespread subject of study. Obviously it is the photographic process block that has so multiplied books of this particular kind and purpose, for there is nothing in the world so easily illustrated as an Italian mediæval city. In the present case we have photographic views of Siena herself—the enthroned hill-city of which the strong white and rosy walls are serried within blocks of serried trees, and command the coloured but barren country, hill and plain; the city of two eminent towers, of Gothic palaces, of steep arched streets, of a gorgeous cathedral. And, full of pictures without, she is full of pictures within; Pinturicchio having painted her library, Bazzi illustrated the life of her greatest saint, while her churches enclose an art contemporary with the earliest beginnings of Florentine or Pisan work, and her fountains mark the new birth of sculpture in the second civilisation of Europe. All this is matter for the process block. Mr. Langton's work is, nevertheless, much more than a picture-book. He has collected the history of the Tuscan city from a large number of authorities, but his chief interest—if we may judge by animation of style—is rather in treating of Sienese art than in dealing with Sienese sieges, battles, or politics. The city was probably a daughter of Rome, but tradition is confused, and the very lively dislike existing among the citizens of august towns of Italy

matrons, the younger women, and [sic] stockbrokers." "The House" should feel flattered. The pulpit is feeble, drink and suburbanism are rampant, the poets have gone after the Baal of the music-hall. This, as Mr. Barrie says, "is all rather sad," but on the whole the indictment is inconclusive, and the constant references to the first volume of the series and its author wax tedious. Undeniably the champagne is flat.

Mr. Samuel Smith is member for Flintshire, and has sat in the House of Commons for many years. He is a successful man of business, and has a commendable zeal for philanthropy. Reform is the apple of his eye, but he will not go as far as women's suffrage. He wrote a pamphlet against women's suffrage, and received an approving letter from Mr. Gladstone. He has written pamphlets on many subjects sacred and profane. He showed up the Church of Rome, greatly to the annoyance of the Jesuits, and he has defended Christianity against scientific doubt. There was a time, he tells us in his autobiography, when Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall had a malign influence over the young; but their works are now obsolete, and Mr. Samuel Smith's pamphlets are supreme. Mr. Smith has travelled in India and America, and makes some shrewd observations on the industrial state of both countries. When he comes to business Mr. Smith is a better authority than he is on the "conditional immortality" of the soul. His commentary on Indian administration is often practical enough; and although he cherishes the fallacy that representative institutions are suitable to Eastern peoples, he has the good sense to perceive that the martial races of India would never submit to a local government directed by Baboos. In this volume of six hundred pages, including his own speeches, mercifully consigned to the appendix, Mr. Smith ranges over a great variety of topics—political, social, theological. He even discusses the stage, but simply to protest against the moral character of some popular plays. On the whole, it would seem that Mr. Smith's energies have covered too wide a field to leave a permanent mark even on morals.

Messrs. Cassell serve a popular public as well as is possible by their volumes of reproductions from the National Portrait Gallery. With the photographic illustrations is a kind of brief *catalogue raisonné*. Of this we are bound to say that it might have been still better done if the few words of appreciation had been written more equally, or with the impartial use of such phrases of definition and description as have become current and conventional. For example, some generally accepted word of designation for the literary work of Newman would be better, even though ready-made, than the curiously jejune definition, "He was also a writer of great literary taste and merit." In the case of a number of authors as to whose powers the public might probably need more instruction, nothing at all is added to the bare mention of the titles of their works; nor is there always even so much. Keble is mentioned as "divine and poet," but the "Christian Year" is not named. On the poetry of Coventry Patmore no comment is made; but W. K. Clifford is pronounced, with almost startling abruptness and emphasis, "one of the most remarkable and luminous thinkers and writers of his day." Of this inconsistency of practice we are aware the National Portrait Gallery's own labels are not guiltless. This second volume brings us out of the day of Lely and Kneller well into that of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, and out again of the fine age into that of Lawrence. Happily for art and the drama, Reynolds painted Garrick; but Wordsworth fell into the hands of Pickersgill, and Haydon got Leigh Hunt. Of all the downfalls in the history of painting, however, the downfall—unsuspected in its

day—from Sir Joshua to Sir Thomas was the most disastrous. Even the further descent to Von Angeli and Winterhalter marked a lesser interval and change.

The general reader will seldom find a more delightful book than "Kotto," which is described as "Japanese Curios with Sundry Cobwebs," collected by Lafcadio Hearn, lecturer on English Literature at the Imperial University of Tokyo. The work, which is dedicated to Sir Edwin Arnold, is a collection of beautiful fragments, including nine tiny little Japanese legends, the wonderful diary of a woman of the people, and for the rest, folklore, myth, fairy story—all the fantasy of which Japanese native life seems woven. If anybody wants to understand why Japan appeals to so many people of varied tastes and nationalities, "Kotto" will give all the explanation required. The country that gave birth to such legends and fancies, the people who can hand them on from generation to generation with reverence and affection, must be delightful, and can hardly fail to appeal strongly to a Western world that has nothing so beautiful within its grasp. The author's philosophy is very stimulating, and he has a gift of style, a feeling for fitting and effective phrase, so that his gems do not lack adequate setting. Fireflies, dew-drops, ghosts, cats, crickets, all are centres of circles wherein the most charming fancies run riot; the reader learns why people so rich in imagination can be happy with the least possible share of material success. After reading this book one regrets that a life so beautiful must be brought to the anvil of progress and be shaped by the hammers of fact. There is nothing in all the fantasy to make it part of an inner life defiant of change; we must regard it as part of a people's infancy.



THE MANGIA TOWER AS SEEN FROM THE ARCH OF S. GIUSEPPE.

Reproduced from "A History of Siena," by permission of Mr. John Murray.

has inspired ancient anecdotes, to the derision of the founders. The name and title, "Sena Vetus," has suggested the legend that the fathers and settlers were old men and sickly folk. This is a story of the Dark Ages and specially referable to the Tuscan rival, Florence. Religiously, politically, artistically, Siena grew to be one of the most illustrious of the towns of Italy.

The second volume of what may be described as "The International Polishing Series" lacks the fierce and terrible earnestness of its predecessor, which exposed once for all the failings of the Caledonian. The publisher, indeed, would have been better advised had he put the task of flaying the "fause Southron" into the hands of some perfervid and rugged Lowlander, instead of entrusting it to the gentle-mannered Highlander (for such his name and style declare him to be), Angus McNeill. Alexander Anderson, we take it, or David Lindsay, would have done the job with more vigour; for he it was, the Lowland not the Highland Scot, who bore the brunt of the first attack. But this distinction is not understood south of the Tweed; so Mr. McNeill was engaged to smite the "Egregious English." He finds the Imperial race too self-sufficient in affairs, too facile in letters, hasting to be rich, and the slave of "Chiffon"—i.e., socially ambitious woman-kind. He bewails the extinction of the old solid merchant class, that rushed not to Park Lane and its way of life, but abode in middle-class comfort to the end of the respectable chapter. The nation has gone mad over six-shilling fiction. The mania "has seized in its grip the fairest England has to show, particularly

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. VI.: OUR ACQUISITION OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE ORIGIN OF OUR OLDEST COLONY: SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT'S EXPEDITION TO NEWFOUNDLAND, 1583.

In 1577 Gilbert, a typical Elizabethan soldier and navigator of enterprise, set forth a discourse, "How her Majesty might annoy the King of Spain by fitting out a fleet of war-ships under pretence of a voyage of discovery, and so fall upon the enemy's shipping and destroy his trade in Newfoundland and the West Indies, and possess both regions." He received no direct reply; but next year he obtained from Elizabeth a charter for discovery, to plant a colony and to be governor. Endless difficulties beset him, and it was not until Monday, August 5, 1583, that he took possession, in the Queen's name, of the harbour of St. John, and two hundred leagues every way for himself, his heirs and assigns for ever.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The visit of the famous Austrian surgeon, Dr. Lorenz, to London must have been followed with interest by many readers. The accounts in the journals recorded his voyage to America for the purpose of operating on the child of a New York millionaire. The child had suffered from congenital hip-joint disease—that is, from an ailment persisting from birth, and differing thus from an affection the result of accident or of trouble manifesting itself after birth. Such cases are always distressing, and they are unfortunately very common. They imply inability to walk, of course, and they include as their salient features conditions which render dislocation easy, or, it may be, permanent, and involve also certain distortions of muscles and ligaments that in time tend to make cure very difficult or impossible.

It is matter of common surgical practice to operate in such cases, and often with success. British surgery has not been at all behindhand in its efforts to cure these deformities. Operations have been devised which result in cures, and so far surgery has nothing whereby to reproach itself. But everybody has a very natural horror of the knife and its often merciful and healing work, and this is the reason why the quack who says he can "cure cancer" by the application of some ointment or paste will always appeal to a certain sympathy on the part of the public. Dr. Lorenz is the advocate of a system of what has been called "bloodless surgery" as applied to the treatment of the ailments under notice. The description of his manipulations in London was clearly enough given, though I expect to read later on of indignant protests appearing in the medical journals regarding the publication in the newspapers of medical details. The medical editors may save their ink. If the public mind is interested in any system of cure, not all the protests in the world will prevent information regarding it being disseminated. Furthermore, if the public interest be aroused in any valid system of treatment, surely such interest can only benefit the medical profession in the long run, seeing that the appreciation of the good which may be accomplished will tend to cause people the more readily to avail themselves of the surgeon's aid.

If the British public demand that the method of Lorenz be practised here, the supply will follow the demand according to a very natural and imperative economic law. It will be of no use protesting in the interests of what is generally styled medical etiquette. We are surely not going to be above taking a hint from any source, least of all from the science of Vienna. It would only mean either an inability on the part of our surgeons to operate according to the Lorenz system—a theory not to be entertained for a moment—or it would imply an unwillingness to practise a new method. I am not sure we can even call it a new method, for an allied practice has been in vogue amongst us for many years. Dr. Lorenz, however, seems to have elaborated and perfected it, and in the true spirit of science he has demonstrated his methods freely.

The treatment, as described, consists essentially in the breaking down, through manipulation of the limb, of the adhesions or bands, muscular and otherwise, that keep the bones apart, and that tend to maintain the distorted condition of affairs. With knowledge of the anatomical disposition of parts, the surgeon conducts his movements so as to favour the return of the bones to the normal position. If the muscles and ligaments have set, so to speak, in a wrong position, he rectifies this fault by force. The old order of things is replaced by the new, and the proper relations of the bones and joints are restored. Then he encases the limb in plaster-of-Paris. This is to ensure that it shall not be disturbed for months. The healing power of nature does the rest. The bone, made to remain in its socket, gets accustomed to its natural position, and after the prolonged rest, movement of ordinary kind with no risk of dislocation becomes possible. Let us hope that in the case of all the little sufferers this hope will be fully realised.

If such is the leading idea of the Lorenz treatment, we can understand how it will find favour in the eyes alike of surgeons and of the public. That there will be a full discussion of its merits in medical circles follows as a matter of course. This is not only a natural but a necessary procedure. In science, and especially in a practical science like surgery, results have to be rigidly scrutinised and duly tested. Months hence, we will be in a better position to know if the practice of Dr. Lorenz is to be welcomed as an addition to the resources of the surgeon. Meanwhile, having regard to the record of his work in Vienna, we may at least be very hopeful. I expect from yet another quarter some criticism of this method of treatment. The bonesetters will be telling us that the method of Dr. Lorenz is really theirs. If they do, the claim will be contestable. There is an unbridgeable gulf fixed between the surgeon and the bonesetter which need not be defined to intelligent people.

The bonesetter is a man who works in the dark. The surgeon works in the light, and according to knowledge. You hear of the bonesetter's successes; history is very silent regarding his failures. Then the bonesetter, with no fear of results before his eyes, will seize a stiff joint, will break down adhesions and release a joint. Sometimes he succeeds in restoring the power of movement; as often as not, he sets up the inflammation which the surgeon fears, and which prevents him from operating. There is really no comparison to be instituted between the scientific, careful method of Dr. Lorenz and the crude work of the bonesetter. Without the fear of consequences before his eyes, the latter attempts deeds which cautious surgery looks on with suspicion. One swallow does not make a summer, and one lucky case does not make the bonesetter infallible.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to *Chess Editor*.
 D H (Edinburgh).—The solution we accept as the correct answer is the only one possible. Sometimes when the problem is faulty it has two or more solutions, when, of course, we acknowledge whatever will solve it.
 P DALY.—Your last contribution is correct, but we do not consider it a good example of your skill.
 F M KENNY (Dublin).—Your problem is too elementary for our use.
 J DALLIN PAUL (St. Clears).—Very nicely constructed, and shall appear in due course.
 J R. KNIGHT.—Thanks for information, which, however, owing to our publishing arrangements, comes too late for us to use.
 F R SMITH.—We cannot reply by post; and in any case the problem would be of no use.

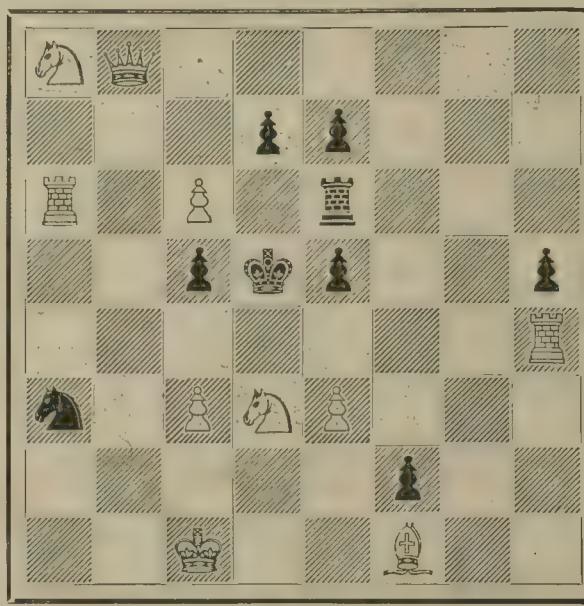
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3060 received from Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia); of No. 3061 from Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.) and M. A. Eyr (Folkestone); of No. 3062 from Sorrento, A G (Pancsova), and Charles Burnett (London); of No. 3063 from J D Tucker (Ilkley), C H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Clement C Danby, Thomas M Eglington (Handsworth), H Le Jeune, G C B, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), F R Knight, D B R (Oban), C Talboys (Dursley), J E Smales (Ware), and Joseph Cook.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3064 received from Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Lieutenant-Colonel P J Damania, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), H S Brandreth (San Remo), F R Knight, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Sorrento, Reginald Gordon, Thomas Henderson (Leeds), J W (Campsie), F J S (Hampstead), Herward, Albert Wolff (Putney), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Martin F, F H Wallace (Clifton), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T Roberts, A A Scott (Lewisham), Shadforth, Charles Burnett, L Desanges, and R Worts (Canterbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from F Brennan (Copenhagen) and Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3063.—By H. M. PRIDEAUX.
 WHITE. BLACK.
 1. Q to Q Kt 2nd Any move
 2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3066.—By MAX FEIGL.
 BLACK.

CHESS IN GERMANY.
 Game played in Karlsbad between Messrs. V. TIETZ and K. FALK.
(Ruy Lopez)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. F.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
 3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
 4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd
 5. Castles B to K 2nd
 6. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd
 7. Kt to B 3rd P to Q Kt 4th
 8. B to Kt 3rd Kt to Q R 4th

It is undoubtedly a point of some importance for Black to get rid of the Bishop, and White should seek to avoid such an exchange. The position is one that often arises.

9. Kt to K 2nd Kt takes B
 10. R P takes Kt P to B 4th
 11. Kt to Kt 3rd P to K R 4th

Black centres all his energies in an attack on the Castled King, rendering the game most interesting and lively.

12. P to B 3rd P to R 5th
 13. Kt to B 5th

Giving up a Pawn temporarily; but the alternative, Kt to K 2nd, would yield a poor game.

14. P takes B Q to Q 2nd
 15. P to Q 4th Q takes P

White resigns.

CORRESPONDENCE CHESS.
 Game played between Messrs. P. SENI (Rome) and J. WEISSMANN (Paris).
(Ruy Lopez)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th A charming conception; but Black might still have made a fight by B to Kt end.
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
 3. B to Kt 5th Kt to B 3rd
 4. Castles Kt takes P
 5. P to Q 4th P to Q R 3rd
 6. B to R 4th P to Q Kt 4th
 7. B to Kt 3rd P to Q 4th
 8. P takes P Kt to K 2nd

It seems hardly possible that so far in this much-used opening anything new can be useful. Black here adopts a line of defence which, of course, leads to disaster.

9. Kt to Kt 5th Kt to Q B 4th
 10. Q to Kt 2nd P to Q B 3rd
 11. Q to R 5th P to K Kt 3rd

Black now still further weakens his game. Kt to Kt 3rd was better. It will soon be seen that White's reply comes with crushing effect.

12. Q to B 3rd B to K 3rd
 13. Q to B 6th K R to Kt sq
 14. Kt takes R P Kt to Q 2nd
 15. Kt to K 4th

Kt takes Q
 21. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to B 2nd
 22. Kt takes Q Kt to K 2nd
 23. B to K B 4th K to Kt 2nd
 24. P to Q R 4th Kt takes B
 25. P takes Kt P to Kt 5th
 26. B to Kt 5th B to Kt 2nd
 27. B takes Kt Kt takes Kt
 28. B takes P B takes P
 29. Q R to K sq Resigns.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

TREASON TRIALS.

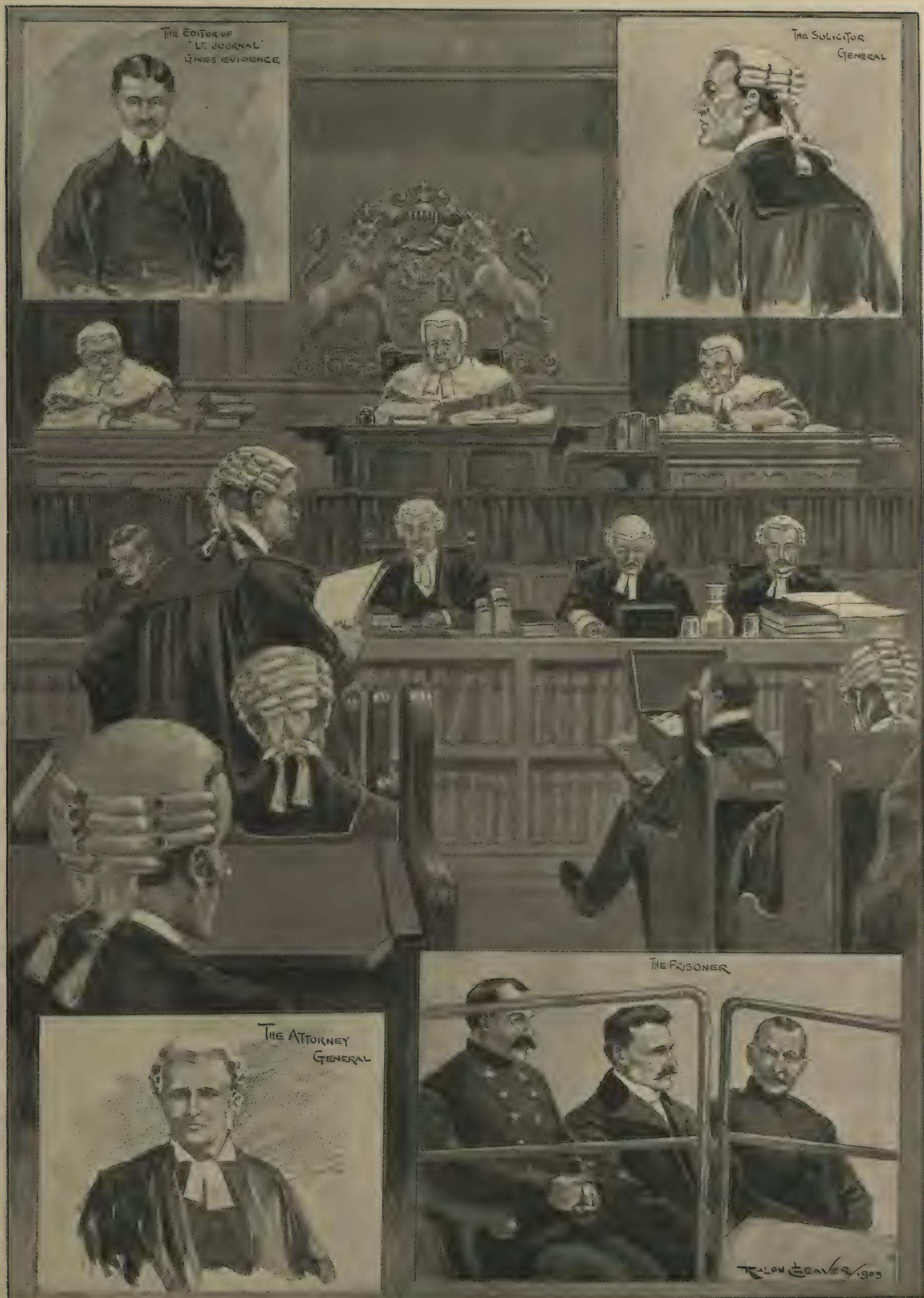
The trial of "Colonel" Arthur Alfred Lynch on a charge of high treason is certainly the most picturesque legal proceeding of the new century, and has caused deep interest to laymen as well as lawyers, although no one from the first supposed that in case of conviction the inevitable capital sentence would be carried out. Indeed, the execution of a sentence for high treason would cause a thrill of horror. Some, no doubt, fancy that the sentence would be carried out with its ancient barbarity of causing the traitor to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, hanged by the neck, cut down while still alive, disembowelled, beheaded, and then cut up into four quarters. Various and gradual mitigations have been introduced by Statute, so that now hanging till death alone is left of these horrible ceremonies. Yet there was a curious omission in the Statute providing for private executions, and so the traitor would have to be hanged in public. A remarkably interesting and characteristic feature connected with the recent proceedings is the fact that they were founded on a Statute more than five and a half centuries old. The date of the famous Statute of Edward III. (21. Edw. III.) is 1351, and the basis of the charge against "Colonel" Lynch is the phrase: "ou soit aherdant as enemys nre Seignr le Roi en le Roialme dönnant a eux eid ou confort en son Roialme ou p. ailleours"; or, as this quaint language is usually translated, "or be adherent to the King's enemies in his realm or elsewhere." That we should still act on the old law will seem admirable to many people, though the words of a great criminal lawyer, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, on the subject appear worthy of consideration: "The fact that it has been in force for 530 years seems to me to show only the extreme indifference of the public to the manner in which their laws are worded and the attachment of the legal profession to phrases which have been long in use and to which an artificial meaning has been attached." To look at the original French is to see that to have fought with the Boers in the Transvaal or Orange River State was not within the language of the Statute, and it is not surprising to see the effort of the defence to induce the Court to adopt the plain natural sense of the words, and not the artificial meaning which has been attached to them.

The procedure nowadays in a trial for high treason is not very much unlike that for an ordinary crime—though on the present occasion a certain dignified theatricality has been given to the affair by there being a Trial at Bar in the King's Bench, which, however, is not necessary in treason cases nor peculiar to them. Gone are such grim humours as the *peine forte et dure* for the prisoner who stands mute and will not plead, and the refusal to the accused of the help of counsel and the other difficulties put in his way. Nowadays he enjoys special favours. He must have a copy of the indictment delivered to him ten days before the trial in the presence of two witnesses, with a copy of the jury panel, and a list of witnesses, mentioning name, profession, and place of abode; and in Frost's case the prisoner saved his life because the documents were not delivered simultaneously. The strictest old objections to the indictment are open to his learned adviser. He has a right of peremptory challenge to thirty-five of the proposed jurors: that is, may decline to be tried by them without giving any reason. Most important of all, there must be two witnesses, either both of them to the same overt act, or one of them to one and another of them to another overt act of the *same* treason—a provision of a Statute of 1695 which annoyed the benevolent Bentham. By this Act of 1695 he is entitled to make a defence by counsel, and to have two assigned to him by the Court. Moreover, if the case is tried at Bar, he will have a special jury and two or three Judges instead of one, and according to the precedent of the Lynch case, will have a dock built all for himself in the court of the Lord Chief Justice, with ridiculous iron railings which pretend to suggest that if minded to give "leg bail" he could force his way through the dense mass of briefless barristers and idle lawyers' clerks that crowd the passages and try to get glimpses of the three Judges in ominous gowns of bright blood-red with ermine (?) cuffs and hoods, but alas! without the full-bottomed wigs that prevent a Judge from sitting with a cool head.

The present case, though rather a piece of make-believe, assuming, as most people do, that the sentence will be commuted, is interesting and instructive; and it shows our legal system at its best and worst. At its best, because of the scrupulous almost quixotic fairness exhibited to the accused; and at its worst by showing in what a slovenly state our laws are. Since the famous Statute of Edward III., dozens of Acts as to treason have been passed. Henry VIII. put his hand to nine, all creating new treasons—four of them concerning his squabble with the Pope, and the rest connected directly or indirectly with his experiments in matrimony. One may be mentioned, making it treason in any woman "whom the King or his successors shall intend to take to wife," to marry the King without discovering to him any existing obstacle before marriage; and in anyone knowing the fact not to reveal it to the King or one of his Council. His successor swept all Henry's new treason Statutes away, but created new treasons. Mary was busy on the subject, and Elizabeth very busy, and since their time many Acts have become dead letters or live laws. Now our treason laws consist of the Edward III. Act as artificially misinterpreted by Judges—sometimes venal, often just—and a number of additions and modifications which make something like chaos. Perhaps things are not so bad as when, in the preamble to the Act 1 Henry IV., c. 10, it was declared that "divers pains of treason" were ordained by an Act of 1397 "inasmuch that there was no man which did know how he ought to behave himself, to do, speak, or say for doubt of such pains," but they are bad enough to disgrace this great country, and not in the least likely to be amended.

THE TRIAL OF A BRITISH SUBJECT FOR HIGH TREASON.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES OF THE PROCEEDINGS DURING THE TRIAL AT BAR OF "COLONEL" ARTHUR LYNCH (ELECTED M.P. FOR GALWAY).

With the exception of the cases of certain lunatics who shot at Queen Victoria, there had been no treason trial since that of O'Brien in 1848. Lynch was placed in a specially constructed dock to the right hand of the presiding Judges, who were the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Wills, and Mr. Justice Channell. The trial began on January 21, and ended on the third day with the conviction of the accused on charges of adhering to and comforting the King's enemies in South Africa. Mr. Justice Wills, as senior Judge, passed sentence of death by hanging.

LADIES' PAGE.

Monte Carlo is certainly a name to conjure with, and it is curious to notice how many successes have appeared under this attractive title. A fortune was realised out of the song which described the adventures of the man who broke the bank at this fascinating winter resort, and whenever the manufacturers hit upon some new idea which they think will please the frivolous taste of "Madame la Mode," they call it "Monte Carlo," in the hopes that it will take. Several sartorial novelties have come under my notice during the last few weeks which have been christened in the fashion above mentioned, and I have heard a whisper of a blouse which is to bear the same name. This is to be with us in the spring. It will be made in something gay, such as fancy check or "blossom silk," and its peculiarity will consist in the way in which the fullness is arranged, so as to give the effect of a fichu. The fichu will not be applied separately, but cut in one with the bodice. This garment will probably have as great a success as did the cross-over blouse of some seasons back, which was so much liked that every modiste in London claimed to have been its inventor. Another spring novelty will be the Monte Carlo sunshade, which may be seen at the present moment in the hands of Madge Lessing in the Drury Lane pantomime. It is a flower-trimmed sunshade, the roses exactly the same shade as the silk, and put on loose at the edge instead of formally in rows. The effect of the dangling flowers is very good, and this will be an excellent sunshade for what is called "smart wear." The Monte Carlo fan will also be more suitable to summer than to the present moment, although it sold very largely for a gift at Christmas time. It is made of sandal-wood (or a wood which resembles it), and spangled butterflies of different sizes are scattered gaily over the mount. This is a fan to take out of doors, where it may sparkle in the sunshine—the fan for the concert-room or garden-party emphatically, but not for the present moment in town, though it is being greatly patronised on the Riviera. A fan is a necessity in "The Rooms," as places where people gamble are always kept so hot for some inscrutable reason.

It is perverse of me to write of spring fashions whilst winter is still upon us, but the terrible weather we have been enduring of late makes our thoughts turn instinctively to the brighter days which are coming, or to lands where spring has already begun her reign. Personally, I rather shun those letters just now which arrive with a foreign post-mark, telling of pleasant times spent by lucky friends abroad. With a refinement of cruelty, they love to dilate upon the climate and the vice w. "There are roses everywhere," say a correspondent from Sicily, "and all the

orange-trees are in bloom. I have a terrace all to myself which leads out of my study, looking on to blue sea and distant mountains. Oh, if you could only see the view!" Letters like this do not tend to make one more contented with one's state in the midst of a London day which is a strange mixture of frost and fog.

Prophecy is said by George Eliot to be the most gratuitous form of error, yet it is impossible for the chronicler of fashion not to indulge in it at this particular season of the year. There are no fresh styles to recount at the moment; all the winter models have been vulgarised at the sales, and nothing new will be visible until the buyers return from Paris. What the coming fashions will be like is an interesting speculation, but it is not improbable that some of the new models will be copied from the styles worn by Marie Antoinette. The fichu, elbow-sleeve, and large hat are all becoming articles of attire, but what about the skirt? Will the full skirt be tolerated by the modern woman, whose one ideal is to appear very tall and slim? We must expect to see the continuation of the Empire style for evening wear, as ladies who have taken part in the Durbar ball will want to show us later on how they appeared on that occasion. The Empire gown is very popular for dinner wear at present, and it is always a suitable style for a hostess, as it hovers between the tea-gown and the gown. The tucker is becoming almost as popular a feature of dress as it was in Addison's time, nearly all the Empire dresses being cut quite low, and then finished off with a tucker of white

chiffon, with a piece of black velvet bébé-ribbon run in and out at the top. Rough cloths will probably go out of fashion when the spring comes, and when an irregular surface is desired the hairs will be self-coloured instead of white. This is a change which makes for economy, for when a mixture of colours is used for day wear, it is only fit for travelling or out of doors, whereas a smooth cloth can be worn on many occasions. Various canvas materials will appear in the spring, and white cloth jackets promise to be very popular when the brighter days appear.

The rage for moleskin continues, a fresh impetus having been given to the fashion by Princess Christian's wedding present to Mrs. Brodrick. There is something very alluring about the appearance of this fur, but it requires careful dressing, as it does not harmonise with some colours. Fawn or biscuit do not go well with it. It looks distinguished, though somewhat sombre, with black, or with a velvet gown of the same shade of dark grey, with some deftly placed touch of bright colour as an addition. Grey or white suède gloves, plenty of old lace, a becoming hat, either in beaver or felt, nice diamonds—all these things are wanted to make a toilette a thorough success when the fur of the "little gentleman in black velvet" is worn. A moleskin jacket should not be the only fur garment in a wardrobe; it is better to have something different for

on the crowns of hats at present, the tops of the toques being often most elaborately embroidered. This is with a view to the skating-rink, for when people look down on the scene from the gallery the crown of the hat becomes an important point. Rather a good hat-pin has just been brought out by one of the new lady milliners. The head is made of a neat little chenille pompon in any colour. This is much the best pin for a felt hat, as it looks as though it were part of the trimming, instead of standing out in bold relief.

A great number of entertainments have been given during the past month. It seems as if people want to make up for the two dull winters that have preceded the present one. Nobody had any heart for parties during the war, and the prolonged Court mourning put an end to gaieties for a time. This year is the opportunity of the hostess, and entertainments are being given in almost as lavish a style as though they took place in the season. Fancy-dress parties seem especially in favour. Nursery-rhyme dinners have achieved a very decided popularity, the host and hostess figuring as King and Queen of Hearts, the guests arriving as Jack and Jill, Margery Daw, and other familiar characters. One lady, in a white cloth riding-habit, achieved a success at one of these parties by galloping into the room on a hobby-horse. This simulated "Ride-a-cock-horse." Another guest wore a very original costume as "What will poor robin do then?" Her white crêpe-de-Chine dress was covered with tufts of chenille, a stuffed red-breasted robin nestled on her shoulder, and she carried a white Japanese umbrella, from the edge of which depended long strings covered with little tufts of white wool, so that the diner looked as if she were in the middle of a snowstorm.

A number of pretty fancy dresses were seen a few days since at a large party in Portland Place, which commenced by a children's gathering and ended by a grown-up ball. The hours were "Six to unlimited," so the numbers were continually being reinforced. A party of twelve came in late from a house where they had been dining, among them Lady Eardley in black and gold, wearing the famous pendant which contains the historic "stick diamond," so called because it was given to Prince Esterhazy by Marie Thérèse in a stick. There were two cotillions during the evening, one for the children and another for their elders. Some amusing figures were danced, and were very amusing to watch. In the children's cotillon one little girl sat on a chair in the centre of the room with a fool's cap made of rose-coloured velvet on her knee. Two would-be partners knelt before her, and she gave the fool's cap to one, and then got up and danced with the other. It was now the little boy's turn to bestow the cap, and two small girls knelt before him. In another figure

three boys knelt to one girl, and she danced with one, bestowing two comic masks on the others, one like a baby's face with a cap. The two who failed had to put on the masks and dance with one another. In the grown-up cotillon one of the funniest figures was that in which the discarded partner had to waltz with a doll dressed like a baby in long clothes. When some of the dancers received the doll, they sank down in the chair incapable of movement; but one young lady wisely danced most prettily with it, dandling it as she went. "The Oranges" was a novel figure, and required dexterity on the part of the men. The gentlemen stood at one side of the room, the ladies at the other. Eight or ten oranges were placed in a line on the floor, in the route which the partner must take to claim his lady. At a given signal they set off, picking up the oranges as they went, and carrying them altogether to the goal. He who dropped an orange could not claim his partner. One of the charms about a cotillon is that it is almost as amusing to watch as to take part in, and it is all the more picturesque and entertaining if the dancers are attired in fancy dress.

An artistic tea-gown with a most original sleeve is depicted in one of the illustrations this week. It is made up in brocade, the borders edged with gold embroidery, the underskirt and the little tight-fitting sleeve being of white silk. A cord of gold is tied round the waist, fastened in a loose bow in front. The second design is a practical walking-dress. It is of grey cloth, trimmed with tucks and lace.

FILOMENA.



AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN IN BROCADE.

A GREY CLOTH WALKING-COSTUME.

Cadbury's Cocoa

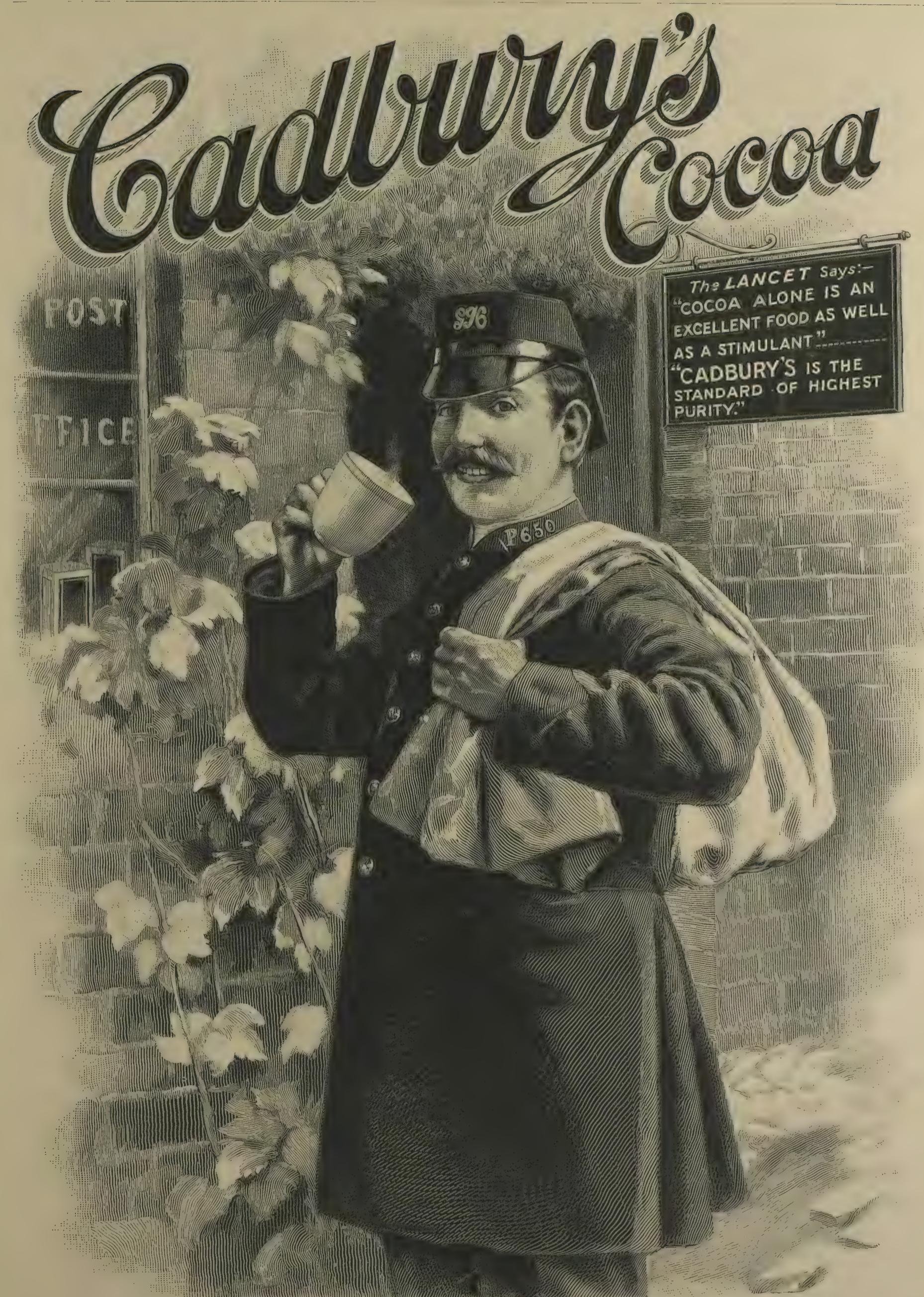
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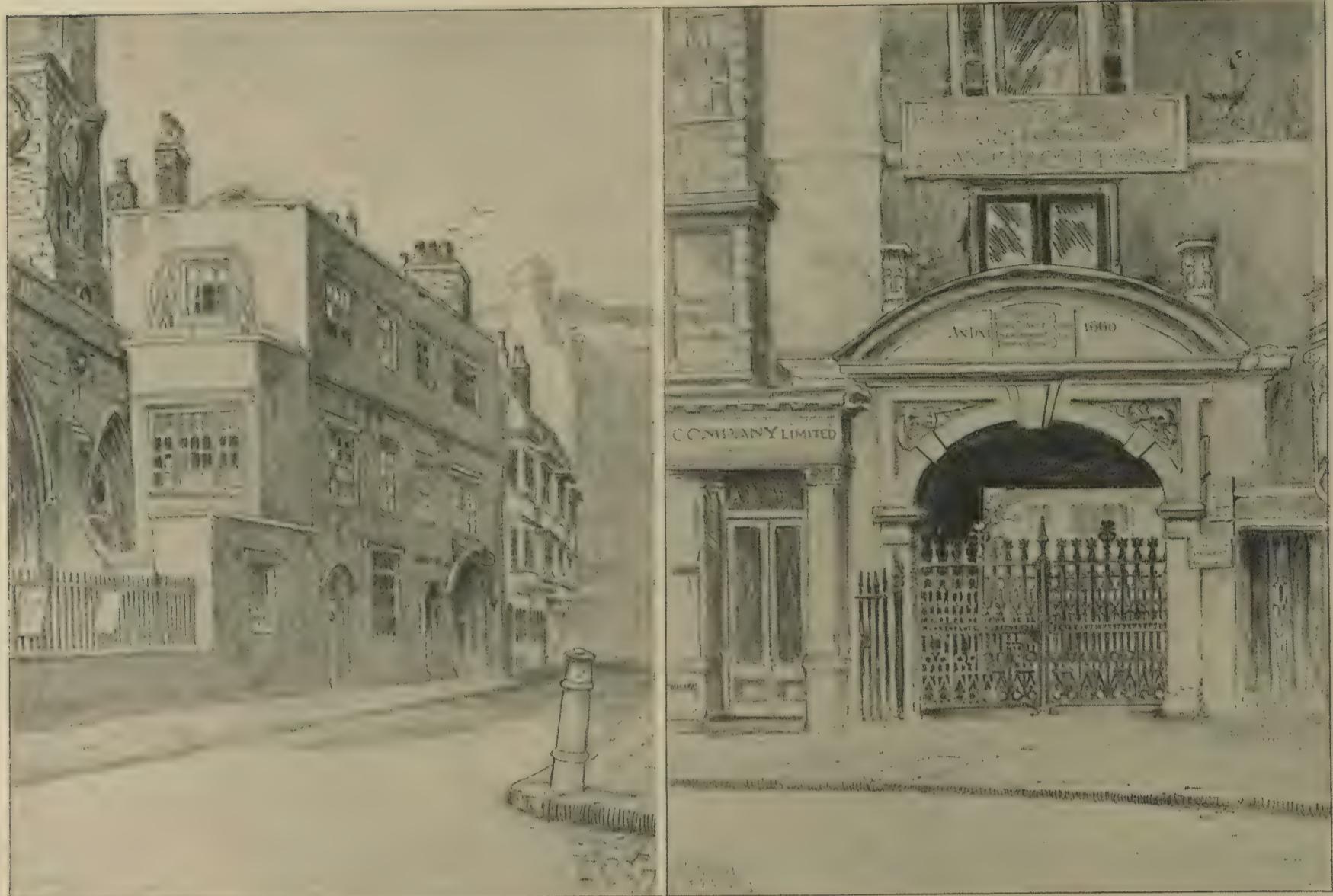


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CADBURY'S COCOA—ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.



THE QUEST HOUSE AND THE PAWN SHOPS.

LINKS WITH THE ANCIENT CITY OF LONDON: THE DEMOLITION OF HISTORIC BUILDINGS IN CRIPPLEGATE.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

The Quest House was, it is believed, built earlier than 1564, mention being made in that year in the Hustings Deed of the Corporation record of the "Common Hall" of the parish. Eighteen years later it is mentioned by name. The shops were built in 1651, the rents being used to provide clothing for poor children. The old gateway is to be removed for preservation.

NOTABLE OPINIONS OF NOTABLE PEOPLE.



"The beautiful Australian actress," as Mrs. Maesmore Morris is always called, was really born in England, though she has lived most of her life "down under." The beauty of her face when she smiles is enhanced by the beauty of her teeth.

Mrs. Maesmore Morris writes: "Odol is certainly the most delicious and refreshing mouth-wash I have ever used, and should be invaluable to anyone in my profession. I for one shall use it regularly. You deserve the greatest success for the merit of your preparation."

"You may count upon me as one of your strongest supporters."

One of the most beautiful actresses on the stage, with teeth like a row of gleaming pearls, is Miss Marie Studholme. The public is the friend of all its favourite actresses, and therefore Miss Studholme recommends Odol to you.

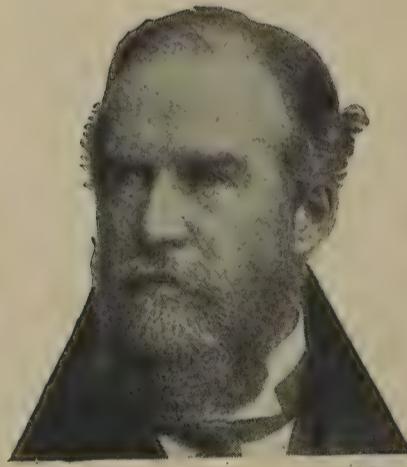
Miss Marie Studholme writes: "Odol is the best dentifrice I have ever used. I shall have great pleasure in recommending it to my friends."



Fradelle and Young.

The Earl of Carlisle began life a long way from the title he now holds as ninth Earl, for he is the son of the fifth son of the sixth Earl of Carlisle, who, about a century ago, was Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire. His grandfather's eldest and third sons succeeded to the title, into which he came in 1889.

Lord Carlisle writes: "I have tried Odol, and find that it is a pleasant mouth-wash."



Russell and Sons.

Bank Holiday will always keep alive the memory of Lord Avebury, who, as Sir John Lubbock, carried the Bank Holiday Act through Parliament; and everyone will also remember the interesting work his Lordship has done in connection with ants, wasps, bees, and other animals, demonstrating their extraordinary intelligence.

Lord Avebury writes: "I find Odol very pleasant."



Ellis and Watery.

"Here lies the Mother of Emperors" was the epitaph on the tomb of the mother of Napoleon the Great. That character was impersonated by Miss Goldsmith when Mrs. Langtry produced "Madeleine Mars" at the Imperial Theatre last season.

Miss Ina Goldsmith writes: "I have given the preparation Odol a fair trial, which has resulted in complete satisfaction: not only do I intend to continue using it, but I will strongly recommend it to my friends."



Let the enormous importance of the unique superiority Odol possesses be clearly understood. While all other preparations for cleansing the teeth act only at best during the brief time of application, the antiseptic power of Odol continues gently but persistently for hours after use. Odol penetrates into the cavities of the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, impregnating them in such a manner that the after-effect of its antiseptic action remains with most beneficial results. Owing to this extraordinary characteristic, bacterial attacks and fermentation are absolutely arrested, and thereby the sanitary condition of the mouth and teeth assured. The taste of Odol is extremely agreeable. Odol is supplied to the public in two distinct flavours—"Sweet Rose" and "Standard Flavour." The former is delightfully mild, and in special favour with ladies, while generally "Standard Flavour" is preferred on account of its more expressed taste and refreshing and invigorating effect.

Price is, 6d. a flask, 2s. 6d. a large bottle, to be obtained of all Chemists.

THE CHALLENGE.

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Hereby certifies that the results of
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"Plasmon Cocoa consists of genuine
cocoa and Plasmon in the proportions
of about 35 per cent. of cocoa and 65
per cent. of Plasmon. Inasmuch as
Plasmon essentially consists of the
proteids of milk, containing the salts,
obtained on the separation of the pro-
tein material, in their unaltered con-
dition, **Plasmon Cocoa is a highly
nutritive food.** The combination of
Plasmon with cocoa therefore gives a
product which is **rich in the food
material in which cocoa itself is
deficient**, since the Plasmon Cocoa
contains a high percentage of easily
assimilable albuminous substances,
the presence of which is necessary to
constitute a true food.

(Signed) H. R. CARR, Secretary,
London, 8th December, 1902.



PLASMON COCOA

THE CHALLENGE.

Prove, if you can, the **false statement** that Cocoa—any brand—is a sufficiently nourishing food.

Deny, if you can, the **true statement** that **PLASMON COCOA** is the one which is a
true, complete, and thoroughly nourishing food beverage.

There is the glove! Pick it up who dare!

Plasmon Cocoa, in tins, 2s. 6d., 1s. 4d., 9d., from all Chemists, Grocers, &c. International Plasmon, Ltd., 66a, Farringdon Street, London.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 25, 1900), with a codicil (dated Nov. 7, 1901), of Mr. Robert Ellis Cunliffe, of Croft, Ambleside, Westmoreland, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Jan. 21 by Mrs. Helen Cunliffe, the widow, Walter Greg, Dr. Philip Worley, and Bernard Withers Dowson, the executors, the value of the estate being £142,939. The testator bequeaths £3000 to his wife; £100 each to the other executors; £100 to his nephew Thomas William Edge Partington, and a few small legacies. One fourth of the income from the residue of his property is to be paid to his wife for life, and one fourth to her while she remains his widow, and subject thereto the whole of the residue among his children.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1901) of Mr. Francis Manley Boldero Sims, F.R.C.S., of 12, Hertford Street, Mayfair, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on Jan. 15 by Mrs. Alice Belgrave Sims, the widow, and Dr. Henry Roxburgh Fuller, the brother-in-law, the value of the estate being £102,258. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife; £100 each to his brother Alexander Ogilvie Sims and his sister Katherine Elvira Sims; £50 each to his sisters-in-law, Evelyn Furst Edith Fuller and Gertrude Fuller, to his nephew Julian Fuller, and to Dr. Fuller; £100 to his faithful friend and servant James Orford; and legacies to servants.

The will (dated March 6, 1902), with a codicil (of Nov. 17 following), of Mr. Frederick James Quick, of 57, West Park, Eltham, and of 148, Fenchurch Street, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on Jan. 10 by John Eagleton, John Wheeler Williams, and Percival Chase Parr, the executors, the value of the estate being £70,184. The testator bequeaths his household effects and an annuity of

£100 to his sister-in-law, Harriet Bertha Quick; annuities of £300 each to her children Oliver Chase Quick and Theodora Anne Quick; £100 to the Eltham Cottage Hospital; £100 each, and his interest in the business of Quick, Reek, and Smith, to Benjamin Smith and Edward Ashley Oram; and a few small

the estate being £59,609. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; £5000 to Sir Henry Chamberlain, Bart.; £2000 to Alice Mary Christie; and an annuity of £200 to Anna Maria Gordon. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life, and then to his nephews and niece, Neville Francis Fitzgerald Chamberlain, Basil Hall Chamberlain, Henry Chamberlain, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and Harriet Sarah Chamberlain.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1900), with a codicil (dated May 3, 1902), of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, K.C.S.I., of Radnor, Holmbury St. Mary, Dorking, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal 1890-95, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Jan. 10 by Dame Mabel Elizabeth Mackenzie, the widow, Donald Fraser Mackenzie, the brother, and Ernest Ivory Lea, the executors, the value of the estate being sworn at £58,119. The testator bequeaths to his wife the amount at his bankers, but not exceeding £500, the household furniture, and the income from £5000. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property in trust for her during her life or widowhood, and then for his children, and in default of issue for his brothers and sisters and the issue of a deceased brother and sister.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1889), with six codicils (dated July 22 and Nov. 25, 1889; Nov. 17, 1890; Feb. 14, 1891; March 7, 1893; and May 1, 1897), of Mrs. Anne Byles, of Ipswich, who died on Aug. 3 last, has been proved by Charles Henry Cowell and William Alexander, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £43,928. The testatrix bequeaths £2000

annuities and legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to Cambridge University.

The will (dated Oct. 20, 1902) of General Sir Crawford Trotter Chamberlain, of Lordswood, near Southampton, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Jan. 9 by Dame Augusta Margaret Chamberlain, the widow, the value of

each to the London City Mission and the Irish Evangelisation Society; £1000 each to the Trinitarian Bible Society, the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, and the London Association in Aid of the Moravians; £500 each to the London Missionary Society and the Baptist Congo Mission; £400 to the Rescue Society (Finsbury



THE EARTHQUAKE IN CENTRAL ASIA: THE TOWN OF ANDIJAN AFTER THE CALAMITY.

The Andijan earthquake, which occurred on December 16, though it lasted for less than three minutes, did enormous damage. Some fifteen thousand houses were destroyed, and a hundred and forty of the native inhabitants were killed.

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Pavement); £200 each to the Leper House at Jerusalem of the United Brethren or Moravians and the Hope House Orphanage (Ipswich); and legacies to friends and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to Charles Henry Cowell.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1901) of Mr. John Thomas White, of 11, Bedford Row, was proved on Jan. 14 by William Thomas White, the son, and Thomas Edward Wells, the executors, the value of the estate being £41,131. The testator gives £3500, £200, and various shares to his wife; £100 to Thomas Edward Wells; four leasehold houses in Alexandra Road, N.W., to Mary, the widow of his son Eley Emlyn White; the surplus from his life policies after payment of £3500, and certain securities, in trust, for his granddaughter, Victoria Margaret Emma Upton; and the residue of his estate to his son.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1896), with two codicils (dated March 16, 1901, and Sept. 3, 1902), of the Rev. Canon William Edward Heygate, of Brightstone Rectory, Newport, Isle of Wight, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on Jan. 19 by the Rev. William Augustine Heygate and Charles Basil Heygate; the sons, the value of the estate being £34,877. The testator gives £20 to the Pusey Memorial Fund; £10 each to the Rectors of Leigh and Brightstone, for the poor; £100 each to his executors; £400 and the household furniture to his wife; and legacies to servants. Under the provisions of the will of his aunt, Elizabeth Ann

Heygate, he appoints £2700 to his children, who shall survive him. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life, and then for his children and the children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Waller.

The will (dated April 28, 1896), with two codicils (dated May 6, 1897, and May 13, 1900); of Sir Gustavus Nathan, of 3, Schwarzenbergerstrasse, Vienna, and of Manchester, late Consul General at Vienna, who died on June 13, was proved on Jan. 10 by Frederick Percy Nathan and Arthur Edward Nathan, the nephews, the value of the estate amounting to £32,495. Subject to legacies to servants, the testator leaves three fifths of the whole of his property to Frederick, Elizabeth Jane Beit, Arthur Edward, and Sidney, the children of his brother Louis, one fifth to Johanna Dorff and Paul, Emma, and Edgar Ladenburg, the children of his sister Mrs. Franziska Ladenburg, and one fifth to Mrs. Margaretha Pilek and Mrs. Josephine Heinemann, the children of his brother Hermann.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1902) of the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of the City Temple and Tynehouse, 14, Lyndhurst Gardens, South Hampstead, who died on Nov. 28, was proved on Jan. 17 by Francis James Common, the brother-in-law, the value of the estate being £23,932. The testator bequeaths £525 to Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Common, and £200 each to her sons Walford, Raymond, Elliott, and Andrew; £1000 to Joyce Parker Common; £1500 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Emily

Ann Yeld, and £200 each to her sons, Cyril, Gilbert, and Richard; £500 to his brother-in-law Alfred Kipling Common, £200 to his wife Jessie, £500 to his daughter Gladys, and £200 each to his children Olive, Richard, and Geoffrey; £1000 to William Ellerington, to be divided between the children of Charles and Mary Ellerington; £500 to John Morgan Richards; £200 to the Rev. Vaughan Pryce; £100 to Alfred James Hawkins, organist at the City Temple; £100 to John Wheatley; £500 to his secretary, Miss Emmeline Fairbrace; £500 to Gwendoline Barker; and £100 and an annuity of £65 to his old and faithful servant Mary Ann Clark, and his executor is to offer her "a resting-place in the grave of my wife and myself at Hampstead," and to pay the cost of all medical, nursing, and funeral expenses for her. Dr. Parker also bequeaths his portrait, by Robert Gibb, and his bust to the trustees of the City Temple, and he gives the residue of his property to Francis James Common.

At the Covent Garden Ball on Jan. 23 there was, as usual, a crowded audience, and, of course, there was also the keenest competition for prizes. The designs which won first honours presented a curious combination of topical references, for one represented "Troubles of the New Act," and the other "An Indian Prince." The latter was the "creation" of Mr. Clarkson. The night of Feb. 6 is the date fixed for the next ball.

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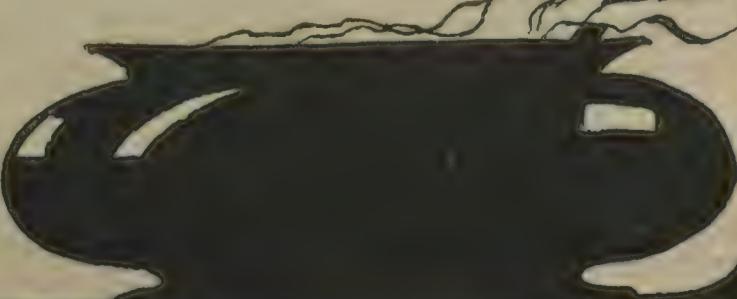
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ART NOTES.

Once more the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral are being beset by the complaints of those who have the welfare of Wren's masterpiece at heart. In 1899, when Sir W. B. Richmond's decorations were in full swing, the building was, so to speak, brought about the ears of the Dean and Chapter. How little the storm of protest was heeded by the artistically unprincipled worthies of the Cathedral, those who have but lately heard harriers at work under the dome can testify. As little heed, but with less unhappy results, will be paid to the present agitation concerning the completion of the Wellington monument. Designs were left by Alfred

Stevens, who died before his great work was finished, and these have been put into the hands of Mr. Tweed, sculptor, at the request of a small body of private persons, who, along with Mr. Tweed's name, have supplied funds for the expenses of the work. So long as Stevens's original plans are followed, it matters very little into whose hands the work may go, although there is good ground for the assertion that an official commission should have adjudged of its disposal.

We spoke last week of the North and West Galleries at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition; we now recur for the space of a few lines to the South Gallery. In

this there are a number of cases containing specimens of the revived art of typography. This revival is no longer in the hands of one enthusiast. Many presses are now at work with types of good cut, with initial letters of bold design, and with a guiding eye that sees to the right placing of the print upon the page. The very beginnings of beauty of arrangement and page proportions surprise and please us who have been so long accustomed to the negation of all beauty in the ruck of our printed books. It is impossible to deal critically with so vast a number of exhibits, or even to choose from each class a representative example. We may, however, mention among

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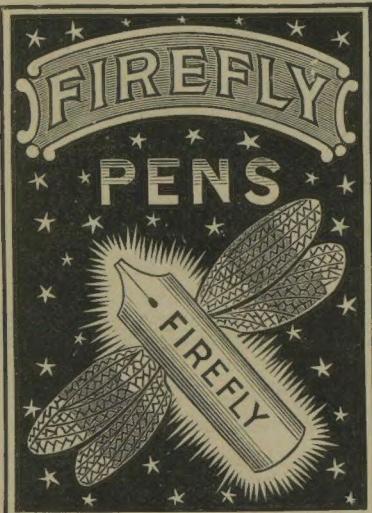
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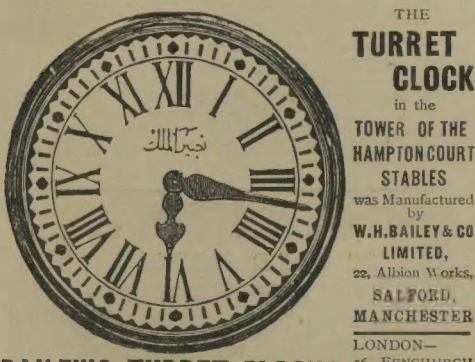


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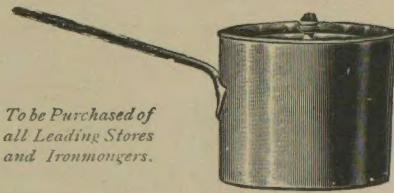
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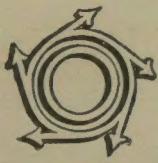


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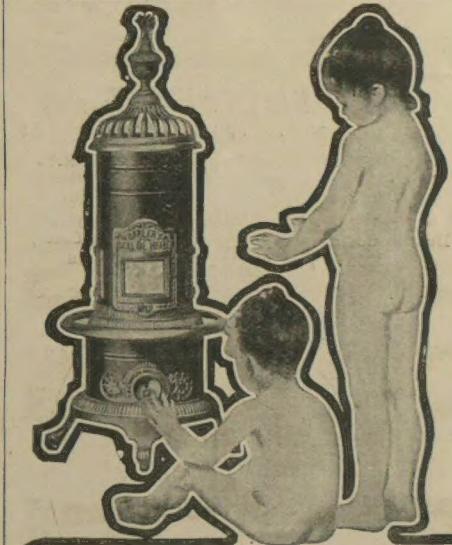
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

the bookbindings those of Mr. Douglas Cockerell; among the printed books Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's and Mr. Emery Walker's "The English Bible." In the West Gallery, among a multitude of delightful jewellery, brilliant with translucent enamel, and most deserving of praise for the attention paid to the colour-schemes in the mingling of stones, the combination of stone and setting, or enamel and setting, we must mention lovely specimens sent by Mrs. P. Hensley, Mr. C. R. Ashbee, and Mrs. Cockerell. A case of glass, No. 179, contains many beautiful and elegant shapes. No more delicate beauty could be imagined than in some of the thin-stemmed, lightly poised green glass here shown. Among the

nicest things in the exhibition is the embroidered screen by Miss Annie Garnett. In this needlework, an art so often either oppressive in heaviness of design, or trivial in smallness of detail, all is made fresh and effective by the device of a black thread made to outline the hollyhocks which form the scheme of decoration. The colours of the silks are chosen with admirable taste.

Mr. Crane, so capable a master of the Arts and Crafts movement, proves himself, at the New Gallery, to be hardly so capable a master of the crafts themselves. Artist he may be, and is; but the ideal craftsman, who finds his chief delight in the expert realisation

of his designs, he is not. His niche contains the fruits of a pretty fancy; the others the fruits of practical endeavour. We think the "recess" wherein the poker, not the "Sword of Good Heart," finds place fulfils a more excellent purpose. We may sum up the exhibition as being full of the most capable workmanship, expressing good ideals.

Dr. Randall Davidson is expected to return from Biarritz about Feb. 10, and his enthronement will take place on Feb. 12, at Canterbury Cathedral. The new Archbishop will shortly be sworn a Privy Councillor.

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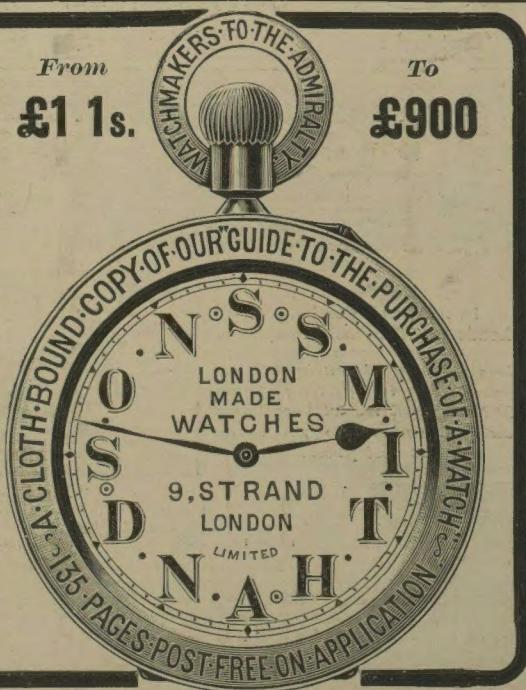
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42, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

How Ladies should Apply it.

Before washing the hair have the entire scalp thoroughly rubbed with the Tonic, which can then be washed off in warm water with the aid of any good Soap ("Vaseline" Toilet Soap is recommended for the purpose). The scalp will be found to have absorbed sufficient of the Tonic to last for days. In very severe cases, where the hair falls out in handfuls, this treatment should be frequently repeated. The effect will be marked from the first application—the hair will gradually cease to fall out, and a luxuriant growth be established.

For Men's Use.

Apply as above, and in addition a drop or two should be rubbed in each morning. It is well to note that to ensure a satisfactory growth of hair the scalp must be kept healthy.

MEMORANDUM.—"Vaseline" Toilet Soap (perfumed or unperfumed) can be procured through any Chemist, &c., or direct from the Chesebrough Co. (post free), at 3s. per dozen Tablets.

Established 1847,

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



A Mass of Cream.

Just to look at the mass of thick, creamy lather is to make a man long for WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK. To feel its softening, cooling effect on the face—to enjoy the ease and comfort of shaving with it—to experience the delightful, velvety and refreshed after-effects—makes a man realize that in the matter of shaving soap, at least, he has found perfection.

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Perfumers, all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 1s.

Williams' Luxury Tablets, 1s.

Williams' American Shaving Tablets, 6d.

(Trial Size) of Williams' Shaving Stick, 4d. Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 65 Gr. Russell St., LONDON, W. C.; 161 Clarence St., SYDNEY. Main Office and Factories, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

Here's strength
for good work

**Quaker
Oats**

- for Brain and Muscle.

Established 1847, Allcock's POROUS PLASTERS

Are a universal remedy for Pains in the Back (so frequent in the case of women). They give instantaneous relief. Wherever there is a pain apply a plaster.

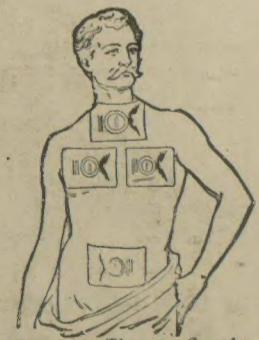
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.



For Pains in the region of the Kidneys, or for a Weak Back the plaster should be applied as shown above. Wherever there is pain apply Allcock's Plaster.



For Rheumatism or Pains in Shoulders, Elbows or elsewhere, or for Sprains, Stiffness etc. and for Aching Feet cut plaster size and shape required and apply to part affected as shown above.



For Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, for Weak Lungs, and for painful and sensitive parts of the abdomen, apply as indicated.

Rheumatism, Colds, Coughs, Weak Chest, Weak Back Lumbago, Sciatica, etc., etc.

Allcock's Plasters are superior to all other plasters. They have been in use since 1847.

Allcock's Corn Plasters

relieve immediately by preventing pressure and cure within a short time by extracting the corn.

Brandreth Pills

cure constipation, indigestion, liver and kidney affections, headaches with nausea and depressed temper caused by bilious sufferings

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

real hair
savers.

WAVERS

SEEGER'S

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

It dyes the hair a beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely combing it through.

HAIR DYE

Of all Hairdressers, 2/- or plain sealed case, post free, 2/2. HINDES, LIMITED, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

Clarke's . . . Blood . . . Mixture

"For . . .
the . . .
Blood
is . . .
the . . .
Life."

HAS STOOD THE
TEST FOR
THIRTY YEARS,
and thousands of testimonials
of wonderful cures have been
received from all parts of the
world.

The World-famed
Blood Purifier
and Restorer.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Eczema, Scurvy, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Skin and Blood Diseases, Boils, Pimples, Blotches and Sores of all kinds, its Effects are Marvellous. It is the only real Specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

It is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, price 2/9 per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, price 11/-, sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.

BEWARE of worthless imitations and substitutes. ||

GLOBE

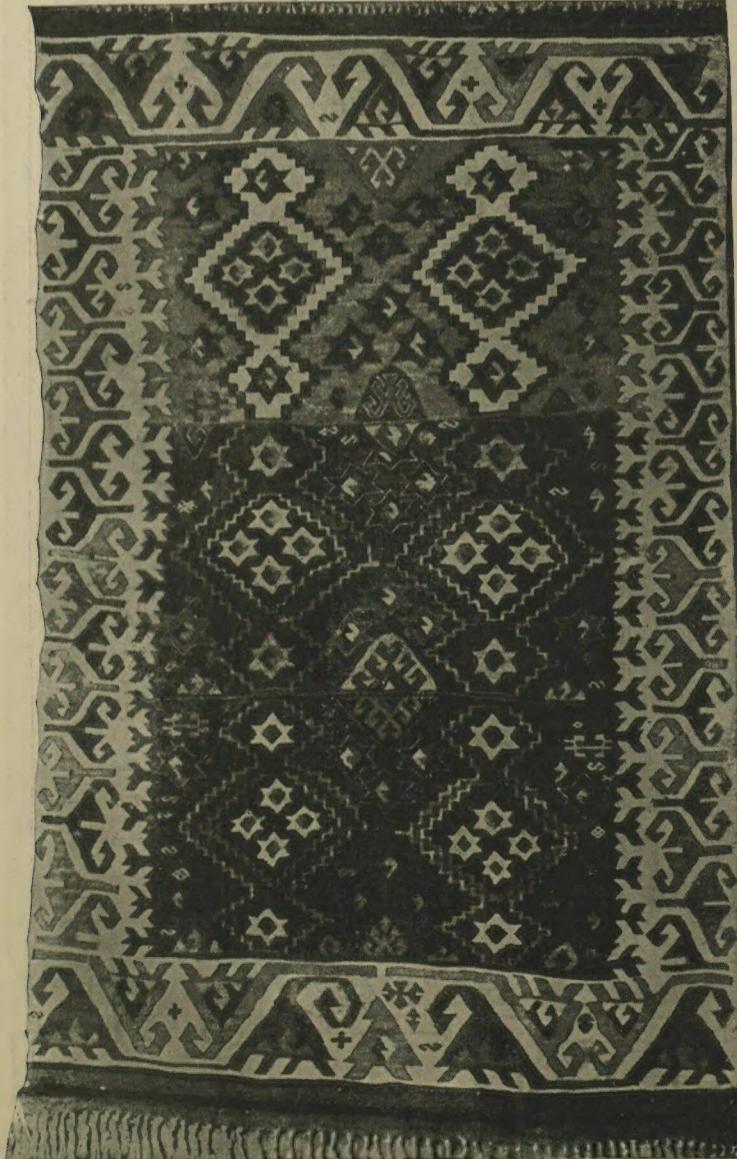
On Merit's motor whirled,
It gets about the world.

GLOBE POLISH will
not scratch metal, nor
injure skin of user.
Sold Everywhere.
Raimes & Co., Ltd.,
Tredegar Road, Bow,
London, E., and
Stockton-on-Tees.

POLISH

NAMAZY KELIMS CONSTANTINOPLE.

TRELOAR & SONS have just received a shipment of Carpets and Floor Rugs, purchased by a member of the firm in Constantinople and Asia Minor. The shipment includes many interesting Antiques, quite exceptional in value. They are offered at comparatively low prices, as there are no intermediate profits, the goods coming as they do direct from the Collectors to Ludgate Hill.



TRELOAR & SONS, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.

Telegraphic Address: "Trelvar, London."

Telephone No. 5044 Bank.

The World-famed
Blood Purifier
and Restorer.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Eczema, Scurvy, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Skin and Blood Diseases, Boils, Pimples, Blotches and Sores of all kinds, its Effects are Marvellous. It is the only real Specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

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Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, price 2/9 per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, price 11/-, sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.

BEWARE of worthless imitations and substitutes. ||

GLASS PLATES SUPERSEDED! KODAK PELLOID PLATES

(FLAT FILMS).

NOW READY. ALL PLATE PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOULD TRY THEM.

Thin, Light, Flat, Unbreakable. Reduce halation to a minimum. Can be used wherever glass plates can be used, and with equal ease and convenience.

NEARLY 20 PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN OTHER CUT FILMS.

Full particulars of any Dealer, or of
Wholesale and Retail Branches—66, Bold Street, Liverpool, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.
Retail Branches: 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 215, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, Strand, London, W.C.

PRICES. Per doz.
1/2 Plate (4 1/2 in. by 3 1/2 in.) . . . 1/3
1 in. by 4 in. 2/0
1/2 Plate (6 1/2 in. by 4 1/2 in.) . . . 2/10

Southalls'
SANITARY ABSORBENT,
ANTISEPTIC and of
DOWNY SOFTNESS
Towels

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.
The Greatest Mode of Improvement for Women's Comfort.
In Packets of one dozen, from 6d. to 2/- each. A Sample Packet, containing three size O, and one each, size 1, 2, and 4 Towels, will be sent post free for eight stamps by the LADY MANAGER, 17, BULL ST., BIRMINGHAM.

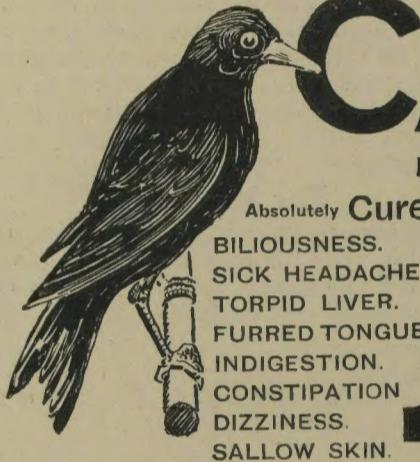
Southalls' Sanitary Sheets (for Accouchement),
in three sizes, 1/2, 2/-, and 2/6 each.
From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

Genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS must bear

Fac-simile Signature of *Brentwood*

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.**



Absolutely Cure

BILIOUSNESS.

SICK HEADACHE.

TORPID LIVER.

FURRED TONGUE.

INDIGESTION.

CONSTIPATION.

DIZZINESS.

SALLOW SKIN.

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.

They TOUCH the LIVER

Genuine Wrapper Printed on

WHITE PAPER, BLUE LETTERS.

Look for the Signature. *Brentwood*

"The bottle brandies bearing the name of well-known Cognac houses . . . exhibit a composition consistent with that of a genuine brandy . . . Brandy is . . . superior to all other spirits."—*Vide "The Lancet,"* Nov. 29, 1902.

HENNESSY'S THREE STAR.

INSIST UPON HAVING IT.

Messrs. Jas. Hennessy & Co., the largest shippers of GENUINE BRANDY in the world, place their well-known label and trade-mark on all bottles containing brandy bottled by themselves, and guarantee its genuineness.

MARIANI WINE

4/- Per Bottle. 45/- Per Doz.

MAINTAINS HEALTH AND STRENGTH AT THEIR HIGHEST PITCH.

8000 PHYSICIANS have sent unsolicited testimonials as to the truly remarkable health-giving, nourishing, and recuperative powers of MARIANI WINE.

MARIANI WINE, THE BEST AND SUREST TONIC RESTORATIVE

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY,
EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.

Delivered free from WILCOX & CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.; or of all Chemists and Stores.